NATALIE

PATON & RITCHIE, EDINBURGH.

"Over stock and stone it jolted, until, all on a sudden, when passing quickly over a small ditch, the hind wheels stuck fast. A crash was heard, and the carriage bent to one side."—

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Page 43.

NATALIE;

OR,

The Broken Spring.

SETMA,

The Turkish Maiden.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. BARTH.

PATON AND RITCHIE,
3 HANOVER STREET, EDINBURGH.
MDCCCLIII.


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CHAPTER I.

"Gladness is taken away, and joy out of the plentiful field; in the vineyards there shall be no singing, neither shouting."—ISAIAH xvi. 10.

"They fled from the drawn sword, and from the bent bow, and from the grievousness of war."—ISAIAH xxi. 15.

DO my young readers know what war is?—No; heaven be praised! You are too young to know it from experience. In peace you have been born, in peace grown up. Yet, alas! there are many who remember what war is. I cannot say that I ever heard cannonading in earnest, or guns fired; yet I have frequently seen soldiers of the enemy—French, Austrian, and Cossack; but when I saw these, they merely wanted something to eat. Once I shewed

some French soldiers their quarters; and when I returned home, I found six tall fellows of the emperor's guard at dinner in our house. They had just arrived from Spain. My father conversed with them in French, and I picked up a morsel now and then—I do not mean of dinner, but of French. All this was pleasant enough; but the fearful scenes of death, fire, and plunder, fields of battle, and heaps of slain, happily I only know by description.

As a proof of the strange and sad events that continually are occurring in times of war, I shall narrate the following tale, without, however, giving the real names of the family, as they did not wish to become known.

On the 14th day of October, 1806, a cloth manufacturer, whom we shall call Nelson, stood on an eminence close to Herrnhut, gazing on the magnificent landscape spread out before him, stretching towards the Riesengebirge (giant mountains, we would say in English.) He resided in a small town of Weimar, and was then on a journey of urgent importance. He had come from Zittau, and embraced the

opportunity, while waiting for a relay of horses, to refresh his wearied mind by a survey of the splendid scenery of that neighbourhood, abounding, as it does, in exquisite and sublime views. There are some persons who prefer seeking consolation and comfort from nature; while there are others, and those are the wisest, who look direct to their Father in heaven. It is true, He can, however, only be known by faith, being invisible. To the first class Mr. Nelson belonged. He had no Father in heaven; for, as the apostle St. John says, "He who has not the Son, neither has the Father." And Mr. Nelson knew not the Lord Jesus as the Son of God. To him He was only a great teacher of morals, as was at that time frequently taught both at schools and in the church.

At that moment his mind was heavily oppressed by anxious thoughts; for dark war-clouds were hanging over his country, and only circumstances of pressing necessity had induced him to take a journey of some weeks to Silesia. He had been told at Zittau that, in all probability, the storm of war would burst forth in the immediate vicinity of his

own part of the country; and, in consequence of this report, he was naturally anxious to get home as quickly as possible. But he could not control or compel circumstances. He had come from Zittau with post-horses; and had left the high-road, and turned off to Herrnhut, where he had a small piece of business to execute. At that time there was not, as there is now, a post at Herrnhut, and no horses were to be had. Patient or impatient, he was obliged to wait until they could be brought from the next station, which was Löbau. They came at last; and he ordered the postilion to drive as fast as he could, telling him he was in "great haste, and would pay him well." But the postilion, with the best will in the world, could not make the dreadfully bad road, between Herrnhut and Löbau, any better; and any one who has experienced it, as I have done, could not blame the poor post-boy for getting on as slowly as a snail amidst long grass. It is said of the late Bishop Spanenberg, that when he came back from his last visitation of the churches in North America, the friends who accompanied him part of the way, and

who gladly would have retained him with them if they could, expressed their regret at his having, in his old age, so long a journey to take. "Oh!" he replied, "I am only anxious about the two hours from Herrnhut." In such bad repute was that road in those days; but now there is a splendid one made.

Mr. Nelson reached Löbau well shaken and jolted. And the nearer he approached home, the more his patience had to endure, as the reports of the state of affairs, at every station, became more and more alarming. At Dresden he was told, that the Prussian-Saxon army had been completely routed by the French at Jena; indeed, almost annihilated. One can easily imagine how distressing to him were such reports, when he thought of what might have happened to his family or to his property. At the few last post-stations, it was with the greatest difficulty he could obtain horses; and when at last he did reach the place, he found it plundered, and partly burnt down. All strewn around were dead bodies, cannon balls, overturned wagons, shot horses, broken furniture, and dismantled beds; while, amidst the ruins, wandered

wasted forms and half-naked children, seeking for their friends, or the remnants of their destroyed property. His own large house was half-burnt down and entirely sacked; while not a trace of his family was to be found. In vain he sought information from the few terrified inhabitants who still remained; but they could not tell him where, or in what direction, his wife or children had fled. In despair he ran from one house to another, earnestly beseeching every one he met to give him some clue by which to find his lost ones. No one had seen them. In those hours of anguish and misery, every one had been so occupied with themselves, that they thought not of their neighbours. It occurred to Mr. Nelson, that probably in Weimar, where his relatives were, he would be able to hear some tidings of them. He therefore set out on foot, as no conveyance could be had for many miles round. To his great joy, when he arrived, he found his conjecture right; and began to console himself for what he otherwise had lost —great though that loss was—as he had now restored to him what was of infinitely more value. But, alas! his joy was soon darkened.

His youngest daughter, Natalie, a child of two years, had been on a visit, for several weeks, to his brother-in-law, a collector of the revenue in a neighbouring village. On the second day after his arrival in Weimar, the melancholy news came, that the house of the collector had been burnt down, the collector himself taken prisoner, and little Natalie could not be found. Now their sorrow was renewed. The mother refused to be comforted; and even the last comfort of the unhappy—the certainty of our misfortune—was to be bought at two dear a risk; for it would have been dangerous in the extreme, had the sorrowing father gone, in the midst of so many straggling bands of soldiers, to seek his lost child. In spite of danger, he was most anxious to go; but his wife would not hear of it. "How easily," she said, "might you also lose your life! and then what would become of us? Remain with us for the sake of your other children." As Mr. Nelson could not, however, rest without making some efforts to recover his child, he sought out a man who had worked in his manufactory, and to whom Natalie was well known,

and gave him instructions to go to the neighbourhood of the burnt-down village, and there, in his name, to institute a search, promising him a handsome reward, and a still larger sum if he brought back Natalie. The man, who had no family, and, except his life, had nothing to lose, agreed to go. He dressed himself very shabbily, in order to escape the attempts of the vagabonds who generally follow the soldiers, and began his journey in search of the child. For six long days he wandered up and down the environs of the village, asking everywhere, and minutely describing Natalie; but he could learn nothing. All his efforts were without result. Only this much he was told, that the collector, who had a considerable sum of money in charge, would not, on that account, leave his house; and his wife, whom he entreated to leave, declared her firm purpose was to remain with her husband, which she did; and as the collector would not inform the plunderers where he kept the gold, they set fire to the house, and took him away prisoner, while his worthy wife was killed by a falling beam. What had become of the

child no one could tell; but they assured him it had not been burnt to death; for they had seen it running about crying when the house was in flames. This was all the information the man could obtain; and the parents knew not if they should weep for a dead child, or live in the hope of once more beholding their dear Natalie. In this painful state they were obliged to live for several months, waiting the rebuilding of their house before they could return to their own place of residence. By degrees work went on, and matters returned much to their former state; until, after the lapse of some years, all traces of the ravages of war had disappeared, and nothing was wanting to the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, except an assurance of the fate of their lost child. No pains were spared to find her. Again and again were advertisements put in all the newspapers, to the effect, that if any one were in a position to give information to sorrowing parents of a lost child, not to keep from them this consolation, and they might rest assured of their liveliest gratitude. The collector, in the meanwhile, had regained his freedom, and resumed his

office. His gold had remained unharmed in its hiding-place. But of Natalie he could say nothing farther, than that he had seen her running along the street at the commencement of the fire; and before he could do anything, he found himself compelled to accompany two soldiers on horseback to head-quarters. At last there appeared a notice in a Berlin newspaper, saying, that a child, whose parents were unknown, had been found wandering in the neighbourhood of Potsdam; and that its parents would find it with a merchant in that city, who had taken care of it. The age and description corresponded to that of Natalie exactly; and there was great rejoicing in the house of Mr. Nelson, who never doubted an instant it was his daughter.

He wrote immediately to the merchant that he would come without delay for the child; and as soon as he made arrangements, he left for Potsdam, where he arrived the second day after his letter. With inexpressible anxiety, he at once asked for the child, who was playing in the garden. It was brought. Ah! it was not Natalie! it was not *his* child! The unhappy father was stricken down by the great-

ness of his disappointment, and his heart still more wounded when, a few hours after, the real father came and clasped with delight the child in his arms, declaring it was the happiest day of his life. Deeply grieved, Mr. Nelson bent his steps homewards; thinking how he was to break the sad intelligence to his expectant wife, of the destruction of her hopes. But all kindly invented plans were in vain; she had come to meet him, and at a glance perceived he came *alone*. The unhappy mother almost fainted; and it required all her husband's soothing and comforting words to restore her to any degree of composure. The former sadness again reigned, although nothing was wanting for what is commonly called the enjoyment of life. Little is indeed needed to destroy earthly happiness, if our affections are not placed on those heavenly treasures of which we cannot be robbed! Mr. Nelson and his family were kind, amiable persons; but their hearts clung to the visible and earthly; they had not learnt to place their greatest joy in the imperishable things of eternity. An undisturbed, comfortable enjoyment of existence, with all

pleasures for that purpose, was their aim—the object for which they strove; therefore such an alloy to their happiness came upon them as doubly painful. Covetous they were not. They hated mean and sordid beings, and liked to see all around them happy, and used every means to make them so. But they liked to enjoy themselves likewise; and this was the chief reason of their kindness to those who were suffering, as the sight of their misery disturbed their own sense of enjoyment.

Their children, a daughter and a son, also a little girl, sent since the loss of Natalie, were brought up most carefully,—nothing being neglected to render them useful and happy citizens of *this* world. As the schools in the small town where they resided were not considered sufficiently good, the son was sent to Weimar, while the daughter had a tutor as well as a governess at home,—the latter instructing her in French, and in all kinds of fine needlework. In short, she received an accomplished education, such as is demanded from those who mix in the polished circles of the polite world. Drawing, singing, guitar and piano playing, dancing, and the like

studies, occupied every hour in which it pleased Lina to learn anything. As her parents permitted her to follow her own inclinations in this as in other matters, and by their orders her teachers did the same; so when Lina felt more inclined for a ramble in the wood, or to amuse herself in the garden, rather than study, no one dared contradict her. It was a favourite maxim with her parents, that all learning must be acquired by one's own free will, otherwise no good result could be produced; and as Lina chanced to be an apt scholar, and learnt easily all she was taught, they became the more confirmed in their peculiar views with regard to education. Since Lina came up to their wishes, they concluded that their mode of training was the best.

In what manner religious instruction was given under such circumstances and opinions, may easily be conceived. It was entirely limited to a teaching of morals, skimming the surface; but never touching the depths of evangelical truth. The tutor, it is true, made his pupil acquainted with Bible history; but as he had no religion himself, he went no

farther, and consequently his teaching had no warmth. Our Saviour was to him merely a personation or type of virtue; but like one of marble, without life or power. Of love to that Saviour,—one of the first things a teacher ought, before all, to impress on the mind of his pupil,—nothing was said. He himself had no love for Him; he only honoured Him, or at least said so. For this reason the religious lessons were very wearisome to Lina, and she often sought to escape from them, to spend the hour in doing something else. On the other hand, every one declared she was a charming little girl, whose manners were admirable, and who knew well how to speak with propriety; and all this was uttered in her hearing. The consequence was, that Lina believed, and was strengthened in the conviction, that she had only to go on in the same beaten path, to become, in due time, an elegant and accomplished woman.

Meanwhile her brother Albert, who was a year older, had given the highest satisfaction to his teachers at Weimar. He was intended, by the wish of his father, for a merchant, that he might be able to manage the extended affairs

of the manufactory. But Albert had no such inclination, and had taken so strong a liking for the study of natural history, that he at once resolved to make that his vocation; and as his father had permitted him to have his own way in everything, he was obliged to give it him in this also, although it sadly interfered with his plans. During summer, Albert spent his leisure hours in making botanical excursions; in winter, he drew and painted flowers and plants. He usually spent a week of the vacation in wandering among the mountains in search of minerals, filling his pockets with stones before he returned home to see his parents and sisters, to enjoy the many pleasures which there awaited him. Sometimes he fished in a large pond belonging to his father; sometimes went to hunt with the forester of the small town; indeed, whatever he took a fancy to do, no one ventured to contradict, as his father was the richest and most important person in that neighbourhood. Every one seemed more anxious than another to shew him attention, in the expectation of being afterwards duly rewarded for it. I must however admit, that

Albert asked nothing unreasonable, neither did he take undue advantage when he might have done so with impunity. He was an amiable youth; but brought up, like Lina, with perfect freedom of will, it was rather astonishing that neither he nor his sister had become overbearing or disobedient. They affectionately loved their parents; and from their dutiful conduct, we may suppose what they might have become had they been religiously brought up, and educated in a Christian manner.

CHAPTER II.

"The Lord maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder."
—PSALM xlvi. 9.

IN the year 1816, when peace reigned over all Europe, Mr. Nelson was informed by one of his correspondents in Brussels, that great improvements had been made in the manufacture of cloth in the Netherlands, which might be of much importance for him to know. After some consideration he deemed it advisable to go himself, the more especially as he had long desired to see the manufactories in the low countries. In colours they had the advantage; and he might learn their mode of dyeing, which he was desirous of knowing.

It was arranged that the journey should be taken in September; and it was likewise arranged that his family were to accompany him,—partly in consequence of a promise extracted from him that he never would again

take a long journey alone, and partly that he might travel more pleasantly if his wife and children were with him. The bitter experience of 1806 was still too fresh in his memory to permit him leaving his home for any length of time without suffering intense anxiety for those left behind, although the circumstances were now far different from those of that unsettled period. Albert, whose vacation approached, also obtained permission to accompany them; and from the hour in which this was communicated to him by a letter from his father, I can affirm confidently, that night and day he dreamt of this journey. Do I not remember well, when about his age, how I traced, every evening, for a whole summer, the journey to Bavaria on the map, —a journey which I was to take during the autumn holidays! The nice green case, with its black leather straps, for his plants, you may be sure Albert would not leave behind; although his mother protested against it, as she averred there would be far too many packages in the carriage without this addition. And when he brought, besides, a huge packet of blotting-paper to dry those plants

in, which he might gather by the way, his father was obliged to tell him it was quite unnecessary, as he could buy plenty of it at every place they came to. A hammer for breaking stones was given in charge to the coachman; a bottle with spirits of wine, designed to preserve the insects which he intended to catch, was peremptorily left behind, as being inconveniently troublesome and quite superfluous. A net suspended on the end of a long stick, for the capture of butterflies, shared the same fate. To make up, however, for these deprivations, Albert provided himself, without saying one word about it, with some immensely large fishing-rods; for he had heard they were going as far as the North Sea, and he wished to catch a few of the larger sort of fishes, although he scarcely hoped to get hold of a shark! In his haste, he did not consider that, in all probability, there would be fishing-rods for sale in Holland. Neither did he forget to put in his trunk a leather drinking-cup; for he had understood that the renowned traveller Chateaubriand tried the water of every stream he passed, and Albert resolved to follow his

example. He anticipated great pleasure from the beautiful shells he would find on the sea-shore, and hoped to increase his little museum. When he expatiated to his mother on the great addition he expected to make to his cabinet of natural history, she used to say, "He would require a whole carriage to himself in returning, in order to bring home all his collections."

The large travelling carriage, packed inside and out, at length stood before the door; and the three children had already seated themselves, although the horses were not yet put to. They were impatient for the moment of departure, and were much earlier ready than their parents, who had so many orders to leave, and household matters to arrange, before setting off. Mr. Nelson had given the charge of his business affairs to a trustworthy agent, in whom he had perfect confidence. The tutor had left for the holidays, and the governess likewise, a short time before, had received her dismissal. Thus they were able to leave without much anxiety; although it occurred to none of them to commend the departing ones, or those remaining

behind, to the protection of God. Certainly, in stepping into the carriage, Mr. Nelson looked thoughtfully back at his house; and the remembrance of the dreadful state in which he found it on his return in 1806, caused him to sigh, and, as he took his seat, he said, "Now, in God's name!" But that was all. The sight of his children soon made his heart light again. This time they were with him, and he had not to dread, as he thought, missing any one of them on his return. It did not enter his mind that even on the journey one might die; and how easily might that happen! Natalie was not forgotten; but they had long considered her as dead, as they deemed it impossible that so many notices and advertisements would have remained unanswered had she lived. In her place was the little Elise, now nine years of age.

As soon as the travellers had passed over that part of the country known to the children, and entered on new scenes, their delight became greater and greater. When one of them observed any striking object, the attention of the others was immediately called to

it; and their three heads were to be seen anxiously stretched out at the same window of the carriage, much to the danger of their parents' toes, who were constantly warning them not to tread on their feet. They began to lament that they were not in an open carriage, that they might enjoy more perfectly the sight of the landscape and scenery around them; however, when in the evening a storm of rain came on, they were very glad to find themselves in such a comfortable, well-closed, little room, from which, in safety, they could watch the torrents of rain as they poured down outside the windows, much the same as if they were in their parlour at home. Albert found it extremely difficult to reconcile himself to their mode of travelling. Whenever he saw a sparkling stone, or a beautiful plant, he wished instantly to stop, and satisfy his curiosity. But this, of course, could not have been done, unless they had delayed beyond all measure. Even the postilion might have grumbled at the repeated stoppages. It was not easy to make Albert comprehend that a taste for botanizing and collecting minerals could only be gratified

while on a pedestrian excursion—that much had to be left behind when on a journey by post. He likewise found it hard that, at the stations where they rested, he could not explore the neighbourhood, and, in that way, indemnify himself for what he lost. But, as they travelled with post-horses, they seldom waited longer than was necessary to get other horses; and at mid-day they only rested to partake of refreshment; while at night it was generally dark before they reached the place where they were to remain until next day, and in those short September days a walk in the evening was out of the question.

They went first of all to Berlin, as Mr. Nelson had never seen that city; and he also wished his family to have the pleasure of spending a short time in it. Everything worthy of notice in that capital was visited, at least all in which it was supposed children were capable of feeling an interest. Neither was a sail on the Spree to Stralau omitted, which pleased Albert exceedingly, while the little Elise was rather frightened at being on the water. Lina begged her father to get

made for her a small gondola, with which she might sail round the pond when she returned home. Albert wished to be nominated steersman of the said gondola, which was promised, on the condition that his father was to have the management as captain.

Next day the whole family were invited to dine with a merchant, a business correspondent of Mr. Nelson. The children were astonished at the luxury of the capital, which was shewn in the richness and refined elegance they then witnessed; although even in their parents' house nothing could have been called plain or simple. After dinner they went into the small but pretty garden behind the house, in the centre of which stood a pavilion, where they were to drink coffee. Several other guests were there, and among them a ship-captain from Hamburg, who had come to pay a visit to his brother, who resided in Berlin. The kind host took an opportunity of asking Mr. Nelson, "Whether he had ever heard anything of his lost daughter?" The question was answered in the negative. The party had become interested, and begged Mr. Nelson to relate to them the melancholy circumstances

under which he had lost his child. He was averse to do so, as it revived in himself and his family many sad recollections; yet he could not refuse; so he detailed minutely the sorrowful event. All expressed the liveliest sympathy; and the captain offered to relate an incident which had lately happened in North America. He had been told it by the person himself whom it nearly concerned.

"On a beautiful August morning," he began, "Samuel, a boy of seven years of age, or thereabouts, was making a dam in the brook that ran past his father's house. He was the only and beloved child of his parents; his mother almost worshipped him as an idol, and had not strength of mind, by correction, to check and control his self-will. His trousers were turned up above his knee; he worked like a beaver, and carried large stones to the bed of the little stream. 'Samuel,' said his mother, half-commanding, half-entreating, 'it would be better for you to come in, would it not?' 'No, no,' answered Samuel; 'I will not.' At that moment he chanced to see an acorn swimming in the water. He picked it up and looked at it.

He thought to himself, there must be many more farther up the brook; and as he took a fancy to have some, whenever his mother's back was turned, he went up the brook to seek them. The chasm in the hill into which he now entered had been, in the course of a century, formed by the gushing of the brook or torrent in which he had just been playing himself. Boldly he stepped into the small path by the side of the water which led up into the wood. On each side of the mountain stream, there arose an almost perpendicular wall, about a hundred feet high, composed of the rock and loose stones, grouped in fantastic shapes by storms and falling pieces brought down in tempests. Here and there a bush or tree found nourishment from the earth that had slipped from above,—a height only accessible to birds or four-footed animals. A short distance from the entrance a waterfall closed in the narrow pass, which was covered by a white veil of the spray. Green branches hung over the wall of rock, veiling the bed of the stream in deep shade, while they themselves stood so high with the blue sky peeping out between them, that they appeared to

be growing in heaven. The mother soon missed her son; but as he was in the habit of often going to the field where his father was working, she concluded he would be there, and rested in the hope that he would come back at dinner-time. When, however, the hour of dinner came, and neither Joshua nor his people had seen anything of the boy, then the terrified mother began to scream, 'He is lost! he is lost! Oh! my poor child will die of hunger in the wood!' Summoning up courage, she called her people together, and sent them away to seek for him in the different paths of the neighbouring wood. She begged her husband 'to look for him everywhere in the fields, and if he did not find him, to come to her in the narrow glen.' 'He cannot surely, Hannah, have gone into the glen,' replied the father. 'He has gone there,' she continued, without knowing why. But the supposition that the boy had followed the course of the brook was deeply impressed on her mind.

"As she entered the wood, an eagle flew over her head: 'That horrid bird,' she thought, 'will tear my child in pieces!'

and she hastened forwards, while the narrow chasm resounded with her calls for her son. Her only answer was the thunder of the waterfall, which, as if in mockery of her grief, dashed more loudly down the abyss, and sprinkled her burning forehead with its cold drops. 'Fool that I am!' she said to herself, 'how can he hear me?' She sought to pierce the gloomy depth with her eyes, and strained her sight until she could no longer see, and then tears blinded her. 'I cannot find him, Hannah,' said her husband, who stepped up to her at the termination of the chasm. Only a mother could describe the misery of a mother's feelings at such a moment. Gloomy despair came over her trembling heart. 'Oh! my child; my dear child must die!' she exclaimed in anguish, wringing her hands and falling on the ground at her husband's feet. The grief of disappointed hope had wrung her soul to the uttermost, and dismay seemed ready to break her heart.

"Her terrified husband poured water over her pale countenance, and used every means known to him to recall her back to life. At

length she opened her eyes, looked wildly around her, and sprung up, trembling, on her feet. As she stood there like a heart-stricken Niobe, a stone fell near her, thrown from the opposite side of the rocky wall. She looked up, and a wild cry of joy burst from her lips. At once she recovered; for there, on the height above, stood her son. But while the cry of joy had just passed her lips, it was suddenly changed into one of horror, 'Oh! God, have mercy! have mercy!'

"The rock on which the boy stood projected about twelve feet from the one beneath. Exactly underneath it, on a ledge covered over with low bushes, lay a panther.

"The rash boy became conscious of the presence of his parents and of his fearful enemy about the same moment. In his delight to shew his parents how high he was, he had thrown the stone, and held another in his hand ready, in an attitude as if asking whether he ought to throw it at the wild animal beneath him. The mother, who in her uncertainty had stood motionless, now rushed opposite the rock, seeing the danger of her son if he roused the panther, and

motioned with her head and hand that he was not to throw it. But the boy, not accustomed to obey, threw, in childish play, the stone with all his force at the animal, and struck it on the foot. Suddenly it sprung up growling, stretched out its tongue, and was on the point of springing towards Samuel.

"'Bring your gun, Joshua!' cried the mother despairingly to her husband. The poor man did not move. With glassy eyes he looked at the panther, and seemed petrified by fear. Hannah rushed towards him, laid her hand on his shoulder, gazed intently on his face, and said, 'Are you a man, Joshua? Do you love your child?' He roused himself as if from sleep, and ran in wild haste out of the wood.

"The mother looked again at her son. He had sunk on his knees and was praying—not in cowardly fear, but in the undefined consciousness that he must die—the little prayer which his mother had taught him.

"The panther was standing up, bent back, prepared to spring. The agonized mother could endure it no longer. She climbed the steep rock without thought of danger, seeing

"The animal tried to bring its body up on the rock. 'Away! away!' cried Hannah, hoarse with terror. 'You shall not have my child.'"—*Page* 31.

only her son. The loosened pieces gave way beneath her; still she fell not. The sharp points tore her hands, yet she held on; until, by her frightful efforts, she gained the top in fearful anguish.

"The wild animal held back for a moment as he heard the unhappy mother approaching; but, true to its nature, it sprung at the boy. It did not reach the rock, and fell back just as the mother reached the summit. 'Ha!' she cried, with a smile of insanity; 'the panther must try another time before he can separate us; we shall not suffer ourselves to be separated:' and, sinking on her knee, she pressed Samuel to her heart, and wet the head of her child with tears.

"The panther, in his wildness, again made a spring, and this time with better success. His forepaw reached the point of the cliff. 'He will kill us, mother! He will kill us,' screamed the child, clinging more closely to his mother. The animal tried to bring its body upon the rock. 'Away! away!' cried Hannah, hoarse with terror. 'You shall not have my child.' Nearer and nearer came the red eye, gleaming with rage, while the damp of its

breath touched her cheek. Then the report of a gun was heard. The panther's hold relaxed, his sharp claws left the rock, and, with a howl, the wounded animal rolled down the abyss to the feet of Joshua. The last rays of the sun lighted up the group at the end of the pass. They were kneeling. The bleeding hand of the mother rested on the head of her son; and her voice was raised in thanksgiving to that deliverer in heaven who, in His gracious mercy, had preserved them from the spring of the panther."

The captain thus finished his tale, to which the listeners had paid profound attention. The use made of it by Mr. and Mrs. Nelson was, to congratulate themselves and be thankful that they possessed obedient children, who would not perversely run into danger against which they had been warned. The captain was a God-fearing man, as Cornelius was in Cesarea; and drew their attention to the power and care of God, urging them to trust in Him who would also keep watch over their lost Natalie.

CHAPTER III.

"A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps."—PROVERBS xvi. 9.

AFTER a fortnight's residence in Berlin, during which the three children had never known half-an-hour's weariness, they proceeded farther towards the west. First to Potsdam, where Mr. Nelson was vividly reminded of his disappointed hope; then to Brandenburg and Magdeburg; visiting, in the latter city, the cathedral and other objects of interest, and admiring the beautiful river, and the ships on its bosom. This gave Albert an opportunity of relating an account of the siege and taking of Magdeburg by Tilly in the thirty years' war. From Magdeburg they went to the Harz mountains, as Mr. Nelson had reasons for not choosing to go by Brunswick. The bad roads, in many places of an almost break-neck description, were not very agreeable to

our travellers, although Albert rather rejoiced at them; for as often as a hill was to be ascended, he got out, and walked a good way, and enriched himself with plants and stones,—of no value, however, except to a novice in science. He likewise found, at times, a footpath, by which he could cut off a good piece of the road, and get a long way on before the heavily-laden carriage. He was only sorry that none of the roads he went passed close to the mines in which that locality abounds. Their way led over Quidlinburg, Wordhausen, Harzgerode, and Stollberg. The views of the richly watered vales, enclosed within high wooded hills, afforded great pleasure to our travellers; and Albert grieved when again they came to a plain, for then the carriage went on more rapidly, and he was obliged to get in. He had gone once by a footpath which, he supposed, led again into the high-road at a point lower down the valley. This path, however, unexpectedly took a turn to the right, instead of, as he fancied, to the left, and he ran a long way on without finding any opening; meanwhile he espied some beautiful Autumn flowers in the

wood, which he had never seen before; and these occupied his attention, and delayed his return. When he observed that he was not in the right road, he stood still to consider what was best to be done. The safest thing for him to do, was just to retrace his steps, until he again reached the highway, and then follow the carriage. And this conclusion he arrived at, and put in practice, although unwillingly. On reaching the road he then saw the winding of the footpath by which he had been led wrong, when too busily occupied examining the petals and calyx of a flower to take much heed of where he was going; and thus it happened to him, as it once happened to myself in the vicinity of Heidelberg. In the evening I had come by a path, through meadows, to a small village, where I remained all night; and in the morning, after walking several miles on the high-road, I found myself again at the same village, so I had to turn and take a new direction. Albert, when he did reach the road, ran backwards instead of forwards, until he came to a mill, which he distinctly remembered he had already seen; and being

now aware of the error he had made, he hastily turned round. In the meantime the carriage had remained standing still on the road for more than two hours. In vain had his anxious parents sought for him, waited for him, called out for him, and lamented. They were beginning to think it was possible to lose a child even on a journey; and the thought was making them shudder, when Albert ran up to them breathless, and related what had occurred. He was not reproached. His parents were too glad to see him again; but they begged him to be more careful another time.

It was now evening, and the station far distant; but as it was full moon, they resolved to continue their journey until a later hour, and were amply repaid by the sight of the wooded landscape in the moonlight, which threw over it a peculiar charm. The air was mild as that of a night in July, when about ten o'clock they drove down the lovely valley in which Alexisbad is situated; and as they approached, hearing the sound of music, they seemed as if in a dream.

They quickly determined to remain there

all night; and as at that season the bathing guests were few, they had no difficulty in obtaining accommodation. They remained for a time with the parties in the open air, who were listening to the music. A family from Dresden was there with several children; among them was a little girl about twelve years of age, who, to look at the reflection of the moon's rays as they glanced on the waters of a brook, had gone a little way aside from the others. Her mother called to her, "Natalie, come here and remain beside me!" The name Natalie was like an electric shock to Mr. and Mrs. Nelson; they trembled in every nerve. They asked permission to look at the child; and as an apology for their request, Mr. Nelson related briefly how he had lost *his* Natalie. They soon perceived that the little girl was not their child. An officer was seated in the circle, who had listened with marked interest to the recital of Mr. Nelson. Next morning he was gone; but had given the waiter a note to deliver to Mr. Nelson, who opened it with much surprise. Within it lay a small gold ear-ring, accompanied with the following lines:—

"WORTHY SIR,—Your daughter is probably still in life. When you find a child of her age who has lost such an ear-ring, make minute inquiries whether she is not your Natalie. I regret that it is not in my power to give fuller information.—Yours respectfully, A. L."

This mysterious information greatly excited Mr. and Mrs. Nelson. In vain they asked the master of the hotel the name of the officer. All he could tell was, that the gentleman had come on horseback, for the first time, the evening before, and that morning he had left early, and gone, apparently, in the direction of Berlin; thus, without obtaining any further information, the excited parents were obliged to continue their journey. Naturally, their conversation turned on the singular letter they had received, which aroused again all their old hopes and anxieties. Who was the officer? Where had he got the ear-ring? Why did he not communicate more? Why had he not spoken to Mr. Nelson? If Natalie still lived, *where* were they to seek her? Why had he not, at least, given them the

least clue? Such questions occupied them all; but to none of them could an answer be given. After much speaking, the parents resolved to let the matter rest, in order not to embitter their journey by anxiety that could lead to no result. The view of the Bröcken, the highest mountain in that part of Germany, was, by this circumstance, quite missed, and they saw it only, for the first time, from Cassel.

The visit to the magnificent scenes of Wilhelmshöhe, at Cassel, gave the children great delight. Albert, with his father, went up to the Hercules, and indeed into his club, where they both found space enough to hold them; but were like to be blown away by the wind. The Steinhöfersche waterfall, the Roman aqueduct, the new waterfall, and the vonderful fountain which springs a hundred nd ninety-two feet high, were objects of ad-iration; but most of all pleased them the 'wenburg,—an imitation of an ancient tle or fortress with many real antiquities, eautiful chapel, a collection of armour, ires, and the like. Were I to describe he Chinese temples, the orangeries, and

other sights there to be seen, we should never get back to our story; and of it I am sure you would like to hear more.

From Cassel they proceeded to Elberfeld. Each day there was something new. In Wistuffeln they heard low German for the first time, and had black bread to eat, which, in Westphalia, is called "Pumpernickel." Arnsberg, in former days the chief seat of the Vehmgericht of Westphalia,* gave the young scholar from Weimar an opportunity of relating to his sisters many wonderful incidents in connexion with those tribunals. In Elberfeld much was met with of great interest to Mr. Nelson peculiar to his own occupation, namely, the dyeing of cloth; and he visited all the celebrated dye-works in the neighbourhood. The children had not much to amuse them there, except that Albert made several botanical excursions; in which occasions he was accompanied by a guide, as, since the day he mistook his road among the Harz mountains, his mother was afraid to let him go by himself. From Elberfeld they went to Duisburg, and then down the Rhine by Oberwesel to Nim-

* A secret society once famous in German history.

wegen, and from thence into Holland. The carriage now could go fast enough over the beautiful level roads. They travelled rapidly by Utrecht to Amsterdam, then to Harlem, Leyden, the Hague, and lastly, to Brussels. Here Mrs. Nelson and the children remained at the house of their friend, at whose instigation the journey had been undertaken, while Mr. Nelson took several short trips on business to the neighbouring towns. Everything was done to make their residence in Brussels as agreeable as possible, and everything worthy of note was pointed out to them. In Holland Albert's hammer had been at rest, as no stones are to be found there, except what the people make themselves,—namely, bricks; neither was there much occupation for the botanist, as the greater number of the beautiful flowers —that is, the magnificent tulips in the ornamental gardens—had long since withered. In Brussels, however, he made some amends for his loss, by visiting a collection of minerals in the house of a private gentleman, from which he was permitted to take away some duplicates, feeling quite proud of his treasure. When they were shewn to his father, who

knew something of mineralogy, his joy was, unfortunately, soon ended, as they were proved to be bits of ore from the mines in Saxony, which Albert could have found much nearer home. Mr. Nelson knew well the various descriptions of fossils, &c., found in those mines, as his father had been an inspector of the mines at Freiberg. Albert now perceived, much to his mortification, that it was not worth while lading the carriage with specimens that he could so easily obtain at home.

From Brussels, the nearest way to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, which Mr. Nelson wished to visit on his return, would certainly have been by Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne; but he had still an affair to settle at Nimwegen, in consequence of the person he wished to see having been absent while he was there.

Mr. Nelson had been repeatedly told, there was a person in Nimwegen who acted as factor or agent for the most celebrated cloth manufactories in the Netherlands, whose services, possibly, Mr. Nelson might obtain for his own business. As it was of much importance for him to see this person, he

resolved to return again to Nimwegen, although to make such a circuit was extremely annoying. We shall pass briefly over this part of the journey, and merely mention that the negociation was successful. When the matter was arranged, he immediately hastened on to Cleveg, and then wished to make all speed, by the nearest road, to Dusseldorf, travelling even by night. As, however, there were no post-stations on this by-road, they were obliged to take any kind of horses they could get; and as the driver knew little of that locality, he lost his way during the night, and got on to a rough rugged road, not at all suited for a carriage hung on springs. Over stock and stone it jolted, until, all on a sudden, when passing quickly over a small ditch, the hind wheels stuck fast. A crash was heard, and the carriage bent to one side. "Stop! stop!" cried Mr. Nelson with all his might. The children, who had been kept from sleeping only by the desperate jolting over the uneven road, screamed out as the carriage stood still. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Nelson.—"There must be something broken," replied her husband, as he

leapt out to examine. "Oh!" he said, after a minute's observation, "I have found out what is wrong. One of my new springs, just made before we left, is broken. Here is a fine business!—in this wilderness and desert, where, far or near, no smith can be got."

They found themselves on an extensive heath, not far from the Castle of Winnenthal, and near the lonely inn which has for its sign, "Town and Country." Had they known that this inn was so near, they would have sought it; but in a night, at eleven o'clock, lighted only by the stars, they were glad to find shelter in a hut, which they espied standing on the edge of a small plantation. To it they went and asked assistance.

The owner of the cottage got up, struck a light, and, at the request of the coachman, brought a piece of wood, as a support to place under the broken spring. Meanwhile his wife had likewise risen, and invited the family to come in; and a council was held as to what was to be done. They were informed of the existence of the inn, with the hint, however, that it was not likely to suit such guests; but if Mr. Nelson wished to go there, the master

of the cottage offered to shew them the way with the help of a torch; but if they preferred remaining all night in his humble dwelling, it was at their service. Beds he had none to offer. Mr. Nelson thought his wife would prefer to go to the inn; but she liked the clean appearance of the little room in which they were; and as she imagined the inn might not be very comfortable, she made up her mind to remain where they were. This being agreed on, the carriage was unpacked, and put into a shed, the driver and horses sent to the inn, accompanied by Buken, the owner of the cottage. As Mrs. Nelson was provided with tea and sugar, they thought they would make tea to refresh themselves. The woman, who was exceedingly active, and anxious to please, soon made a blazing fire, on which she placed a small kettle with water to boil. Of milk there was no lack; and although white bread was wanting, they made a tolerably good tea. The children then laid themselves down on a bench, covering themselves with cloaks, and prepared to sleep. Their mother took possession of the old arm-chair; while Mr.

Nelson brought in the cushions from the carriage, spread them out on the floor, and made a bed of them. None of them had much expectation of being able to sleep in such unusual circumstances; so they left the small oil lamp burning on the table. But fatigue rendered them good service, and before half-an-hour had elapsed, they were all in profound slumber. They had read honesty in the faces of both the man and his wife, and on that score they were without fear.

When our travellers awoke in the morning, the sun was already shining brightly through the small window, and the good people of the house had quietly performed their morning household work. They were surprised how they had slept so sweetly and soundly in so poor a place; but what they had imperfectly noticed the night before, they now, in broad daylight, perceived more distinctly,—namely, the extreme cleanliness and neatness that reigned over everything. For breakfast they had again tea; and as their appetites were good, they enjoyed very well the black bread and butter. Their next care was how to get the broken spring

repaired. A smith was brought from the nearest village; but he assured them it was not in his power to procure such a spring as was necessary for that kind of carriage. He, however, made some kind of support, with which, he said, they could travel in perfect safety until they reached the nearest town, where they then could get a new spring made.

CHAPTER IV.

"Who knoweth not that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this? In whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind."—JOB xii. 9, 10.

I HAVE intentionally said nothing of Holland, as space would fail me. I have told you nothing of the beautifully clean brick houses, which are washed outside and inside—nothing of the fine streets in Amsterdam, upon which, even in summer, the hackney coaches are obliged to have covers on the wheels, which otherwise would destroy the plaster—nothing of the splendid ships—nothing of the large ethnographic museum of the Hague—nothing of the North Sea, or of how Albert tried his fishing-rods, and gathered mussels. He was reminded of the sea when he heard the good woman of the cottage and his mother consulting about the dinner. "Mother," said Albert, "if I now only had the fishes which I caught when we were far out in the fisher-

man's boat!" "Yes," replied his mother; "then they were of no use to us; but now we would be very glad to have them."

Towards noon the young daughter of the people came in. She had been herding the cow on the meadow; and our travellers were surprised to see a child, as she had been in bed when they arrived at night, and had gone out before they were up. They also marvelled how two such old persons had so young a daughter, as the girl did not appear to be more than twelve. But Buken soon explained this, by informing them that she was only their foster-child. She was poorly, but neatly clad, had an open countenance, and clear bright eyes, and answered any questions put to her with modesty and intelligence, in a naïve manner. The old people called her Martha.

How amazed was Mrs Nelson, how wildly throbbed her heart, and how intensely quivered her nerves, when she chanced to notice a small gold ear-ring in the ear of the child, which seemed in size to correspond to the one given them at Alexisbad. In haste she asked, "Where they had got the child?"—

"It is about nine years," said Buken, "since a woman came to the next village, who had accompanied the French troops as a vivandiere,* and had made with them the campaign of 1806. She took ill, and after a few week's illness, she died. She had brought this little girl with her, and after her death no one would take care of the child. As we had no children, we took it home, and brought her up, and educated her, as if she had been our own daughter."

In the meanwhile Mr. Nelson, who had been looking after the smith repairing the carriage, came in; and his wife, struggling with the violence of her emotion, was unable to utter a word, and could only by signs point to the ear-ring of the little girl. Mr. Nelson did not at first comprehend her, until she stammered out with difficulty, "The ear-ring! the ear-ring!" At last, in equal emotion, he brought out his pocket-book, took the ear-ring, and held it close to the one in Martha's ear, and then exclaimed, "It is—it is our daughter!" They now remarked the

* A person who supplies the soldiers with various articles, principally wines, &c.

likeness betwixt Lina and her; and Mrs. Nelson, from whom Martha had turned away, comprehending nothing of what was passing, called out "Natalie!" The little girl, as if some dim remembrance had been awakened, turned round and looked her mother in the face. "She is, indeed, my child!" exclaimed the latter, while she pressed her to her heart with all a mother's tenderness, hot tears bursting from her eyes. "She is our daughter!" said Mr. Nelson, in accents of joy, to the astonished peasants, and took Natalie in his arms. The poor little girl, now covered with a thousand kisses from parents and sisters, could not comprehend what had befallen her, and began to weep bitterly. This much she conjectured, that it was probable she was to be separated from her foster-parents; and this thought made her sorrowful, as she was much attached to them. When the storm of joy had, in some measure, calmed itself, Mr. Nelson wished to know in what way, or how the woman had, in the first instance, obtained the child. But this was unknown to Buken; and to obtain such information, it was requisite to go to the

village, which was at once done; but the following few facts were all that could be gathered from the friends of the deceased:—The "vivandiere," or sutler, as such persons are designated in England, had met the little girl, along with other fugitives, after the battle of Jena. The child had asked her for a piece of bread, and after she had received it would not leave the woman, who then resolved to take care of it, and keep it; and as soon after that event she left the army, she brought it home with her. She had made inquiries to find out the parents, but no one could give her any information, and the newspapers she never read. Of the officer, and how he had obtained the ear-ring, nothing was known; neither did they afterwards learn anything of him. Mr. Nelson now related to the old peasants how they had lost Natalie, and how they had received the ear-ring from the officer; and they were perfectly convinced, from what was told them, that Martha could be none other than Natalie, as she was again called. It was much more difficult to convince Martha herself that she must leave her foster-parents, and go away with un-

known people. She had a faint, very faint recollection of a great fire happening when she was very young; but all else had been erased from her memory, as an inscription on an old gravestone in the chancel of a church. To leave her simple mode of life, and her old friends, who had ever been regarded by her as her real parents, was a severe task, and she wept over it in secret. In order to smooth the pain of separation, Mr. Nelson tried to induce the old people to come and live in their neighbourhood, to soften the distress of his newly found daughter at leaving her present home. But that cost much trouble. An old tree, firmly rooted in the earth by many strong fibres, is not easily removed. All promises of a pleasant house, furnished with every comfort, and an easy life, free from toil and care, had no influence with old Buken; and only the thought of being nearer his beloved foster-child, made him at last listen to the proposal. The idea of her forgetting them when now become a rich young lady, never caused them a moment's uneasiness.

The vain mother had no rest until she saw

her Natalie dressed as became her station; and although the little girl objected very much, she was obliged to put on one of Lina's frocks, which was a little too long for her. In her new attire she felt as ill at ease and awkward as David did in the armour of Goliath; and she seemed to have no pleasure, as many little girls have, in seeing herself adorned in silk, ribbons, and ornaments; there appeared in her no trace of vanity. The small gold ear-rings had been put in her ears when, as a child, she had been suffering from weak eyes, and otherwise she knew gold merely from hearsay. The uniform peacefulness and contented life she led with her foster-parents, she considered a happiness for which nothing could be offered as a compensation. When she heard they were to accompany her, she felt more comforted, and endeavoured to like her real parents, knowing it to be a duty; not that her heart drew her towards them, for they were indeed strangers to her in every respect.

What a contrast between Lina and Natalie! They were now dressed alike, and their resemblance in features was more apparent;

but of the manners of a graceful and in every way accomplished town young lady, there was not a vestige to be seen in simple Natalie. Her movements were quick and agreeable enough, as nature, left to herself, always makes them; but they were considered somewhat awkward and unrefined. Her face was full, healthy, and blooming; her frame more muscular than Lina's; and her complexion was sunburnt,—for which she had to thank the great master of colouring on the open heath. Lina might have been compared to a fine steel engraving, Natalie to a woodcut, both taken from the same painting. Lina spoke beautiful German, and fluent French; Natalie spoke low or common German, but likewise understood the other, for she had read a good deal, and heard it in church. Lina could draw, sing, dance, knit, and play on the piano and guitar, and pay compliments; Natalie could make soup, milk and feed the cow, and string together a garland of wild flowers. But one thing Natalie could do, which overweighed all the talents and accomplishments of Lina,—she knew how *to pray!* I do not affirm that Lina or her brother, or other sister,

did not pray. They did pray; but their prayers were only empty, pretty sounding words from a richly bound prayer-book; whereas Natalie prayed from her heart; and this she did frequently.

Old Buken and his wife were pious people, who highly prized the Bible. Their library was not large; as, along with the Bible and a hymn-book, only other two books made up the list,—namely, Arnold's *True Christianity*, and Thomas-a-Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*. These were the only works used in the education of the little Martha. As the nearest school was still a long way from them, the old peasant taught her himself to read and to write, and instructed her in the doctrine of salvation. It was his anxious desire to make her acquainted with the Saviour, that she might become a holy child, and thus the loss she had sustained by separation from her parents be compensated. To this end he taught her early to pray, and prayed with her and for her. She was fond of reading, and had read over and over all the books of her foster-father, especially the Bible. When she went in the mornings to the meadow, she took a

little hymn-book which her foster-father had bought for her in Wesel, and by degrees she had learnt all the hymns by heart. Sometimes she knelt down by the side of a tree and said a prayer. You will now be aware of the great difference that existed between the sisters. Albert, Lina, and Elise, understood only the things of this world, for *its* beauties their eyes were open; but Natalie knew more of the invisible world, and had eyes of faith which pierced to heaven. The departure of Mr. Nelson and his family could not now be so hasty; at all events they must remain that day at the cottage, now more endeared to them by the happy meeting with their child. When evening came, Natalie asked her sisters if they could say any hymns by heart? And Elise repeated the following verses:—

Bright day is come again
With smiles and gladsome joy,
And merrily the child doth bound
O'er flowery meads and fields around.

She dances here, she dances there,
To pluck the roses fair;
And gaily sails adown life's stream,
All radiant in hope's sunny beam.

Ready for work, for learning too,
For merry games not less;
Good children thus do pass their hours,
With books, with work, or broidering flowers.

When skies are blue, and all is bright,
We seek the wood or climb the height;
While birds are singing as we pass,
And daisies hiding in the grass.

At night we gladly go to rest,
Our cheeks on downy pillow prest;
Wearied with work, wearied with play,
We sleep the silent hours away;

Till morning brings another day
Of happiness, of work and play;
The sun's bright rays, as hitherto,
Awaking us to joy anew.

"There is nothing in it about the Saviour," said Natalie, when her sister had finished; "no thanksgiving to God, nor any petition for His protection. Christian children should not forget that." The children looked at each other in surprise, and asked, "If she knew a prettier evening hymn?"

"I do not know whether you will think it prettier," replied Natalie; "but it seems to me more like one for a Christian child than yours."

"Well! let us hear it, then," said Albert.

Thou Saviour of the human race!
Oh! grant me ever heavenly grace;
And watchfully, oh! keep thou near,
That I, thy child, may know no fear.

For thou, O Christ, hast guided me,
Kept me from unseen danger free;
Oh! guard me still from every ill,
And let my heart thy praises fill.

Be thou my help, be thou my stay,
And never turn from me away;
But lead me onwards in the road
That leads to heaven, to peace, to God.

Forgive me, Lord, where I have erred,
Or from the holy path have strayed;
Oh! send thy Spirit from on high,
And aid my soul to reach the sky.

And if it be thy gracious will
To give me rest and slumber still,
Then keep me, Lord, safe in the night,
Till morning comes again with light.

Or if thou seest it good that I
Should wake no more, but calmly die,
Oh! grant my soul may soar above,
To rest with God, whose name is love.

The children liked the hymn of Natalie very well, although they were quite strangers to the sentiments expressed in it. Next morning they asked her to sing them another; and with her artless, but sweet voice, she selected the following one from her hymn-book:—

The day is newly risen,
  All vanished is the night;
While out of sleep's dark prison
  The world awakes to light.

The mist ascends on high,
  Drawn upwards from the vale;
While down the golden sky
  Light pours into the dale

The blossoms and the flowers
  In morning beauty shine,
Rejoicing in the hours
  Made bright by rays of thine.

On me also make shine
  Eternal light, O Lord;
And rays of truth divine
  Be on thy servant poured.

Let likewise from my heart
  The veil be drawn aside;
Let nothing from my soul
  Thy glorious presence hide.

As flowers receive with joy
  The warmth of sunny rays,
Oh! may thy Spirit, Lord,
  Make glad my soul always.

CHAPTER V.

"I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness."—JOHN xii. 46.

THE departure was fixed for the following day; and Buken was to try and dispose of his few effects immediately, and before the winter came on, to follow them by the mail. This hope softened the pain of parting, although it was as hard for the old people as for Natalie to leave one another, even for a short time. Many tears were shed, especially by the little girl, who was not yet accustomed to her parents, and who, notwithstanding all the pains she took to please them, felt there was something strange betwixt them,—a difference she scarcely knew in what. First, they went to Duisburg, in order to get the broken spring put right, then up the left bank of the Rhine, over Dusseldorf, to Deutz and Cologne. There was no want

of room in the carriage, notwithstanding the addition of Natalie; for as they travelled with three horses, the postilion did not require the coach-box. Of this Albert took possession, which gave him a better opportunity of viewing the exquisite scenery of the incomparable valley of the Rhine; and there was still room for him beside his sisters when he felt cold, or when it rained, and he wished to get inside; for little Elise sat nicely between her father and mother.

They travelled on for some time in silence, the parents meditating on the singular events of the last few days; Lina wondering whether Natalie would be taught along with Elise, or receive lessons along with her; while Elise rejoiced that they were again in motion; and Natalie was, in thought, in the little cottage of her foster-parents. Mr. Nelson broke the silence by saying, "Was it not a happy chance that the spring broke just close to the hut in which we again found Natalie?"

Mother.—"Yes; and that Albert lost himself in the Harz mountains, which obliged us to remain all night at Alexisbad; for had we not done so, we would not have obtained the

ear-ring, and without it we could not have recognized in the poor Martha, our lost Natalie."

Natalie.—"But do you not think it was the kind leading of God which brought you, and no chance whatever? Since not a hair falls from our head without the will of God, surely much less would the carriage-spring have broken without His will."

Father.—"Were that the case, then, we must also say, that it was by the will of God you were taken away by the French, and taken care of by the sutler."

Natalie.—"Yes, I believe by the will of God I was led to my foster-parents."

Mother.—"You do not think, however, how much sorrow and many tears it has cost us; how many anxious hours we spent in lamenting or thinking of your fate; and how much you have lost in not being educated."

Natalie.—"I have learnt what is of the most importance, and most needful,—namely, to pray and to work; whoever learns these two things can easily get through life. That you, my dear parents, should have suffered for my sake, grieves me; but my foster-father often

said, 'Prosperity and happiness are not so good for people as sorrows and trials.'"

Lina.—"I cannot believe that; I am always best pleased when I am happy,—not when I am in trouble."

Natalie.—"So do I like best to be happy; but it is said in the Bible, 'Everything comes from God, prosperity and adversity, poverty and riches, life and death.' And as God loves us, it must also be good for us when God sends us affliction."

Mother.—"Do you really think, my child, that it was good for you that you were obliged to spend your childish years in that poor cottage, beside shepherds and peasants?"

Natalie.—"I certainly never was unhappy, because I knew nothing better."

Mother.—"And do you mean to say that it is not *now* better for you to live and be cared for by your parents?—not a fortunate circumstance that we found you?"

Natalie.—"I know that you love me much, and that with you I would have had all I could wish for; but I also know that God loves me still more than my parents, and that He, from love, has hitherto led me."

Mother.—"When you have learnt to prize the advantages of a superior education, you will, perhaps, view the matter otherwise."

Natalie.—"I shall, at least, endeavour in some measure to repay the anxiety and care you have suffered, by my obedience and affection."

In similar conversations the time was spent as they journeyed towards Cologne. When there, they admired its many ancient churches, and above all its magnificent cathedral; while, as they proceeded up the Rhine, the exquisite, ever-varying beauty of the landscape drew forth their admiration. Albert had no wish ever to descend from the coach-box; he was only sorry that they were not all seated in the steamer which he saw ascending the mighty river, as then he might have enjoyed in company the lovely scenery, and communicated his delight. A pleasure enjoyed alone is only half a pleasure. He was not astonished at the breadth of the Rhine at Mayence; for had he not seen the great sea! In the same way the busy bustling streets of Frankfort made a faint impression on him, as he remembered the crowds of busy faces in Amsterdam.

After a few days more travelling, Mr. Nelson and his family reached their home in safety. It was known that Natalie had been found and would accompany them back; for Mr. Nelson, being aware of the joy such news would give to his brother-in-law the collector, had written to him. On the evening of their expected arrival, this friend had gone to the house of Mr. Nelson and prepared a festive reception. When the carriage drew up to the door, about eight o'clock, they found the house brilliantly illuminated,—all the inmates and several of their friends from the town had assembled to welcome them, and from the balcony they heard sounding a festal chorus; while the sitting-room into which they entered was ornamented all round with festoons of oak leaves, and garlands of autumn roses, asters, and other late flowers. The children danced with joy, while Natalie looked around her in silent astonishment. The uncle, from whose house she had wandered away, after the first greetings were over, examined her attentively, in order to trace in her features some resemblance to the image which dwelt in his memory. He found none; neither

could she remember her uncle. The only thing she thought she recognized was an old wooden seat, on which she had often seen her brother sit, and from which she once had fallen.

The evening was spent in friendly conversation, after Mr. Nelson had received the gratifying information from his overseer that all was right in business matters. The party did not remain late, as they considered that the travellers, after a long journey, and having encountered rather stormy weather, must be in need of rest; so, after wishing them a kindly good night, they left. A bed had been prepared for Natalie in Lina's room; and while the latter, who was very sleepy, hastened to her bed, the former knelt down to say her prayers. "What are you doing there?" asked Lina. "Praying," answered Natalie: "I desire to thank God that He has brought me again to my parents and my home, and guarded us from all dangers on the way." "Well," thought Lina, "she has certainly cause for gratitude in being taken out of that beggarly condition, although she might have prayed in her bed; there was no need of falling on

her knees. But that will soon cease." On the following night, however, Natalie again prayed silently, kneeling as before. Lina said nothing, but was surprised. On the third evening, when she again prayed as usual, Lina asked her, "If she prayed in that manner *every* night?"—"Yes," replied Natalie; "every day I have cause to be grateful to our Saviour for His grace and protection, and to implore His care for the night." Lina was silent, and went thoughtfully to bed. Next evening, Natalie said to her sister, "Why do you not also pray to the Saviour?"—"We were not taught to do so," answered Lina. "My parents do not; and I never saw my governess kneel and pray, although she slept in my room. Perhaps it is only common vulgar people who pray in that fashion; and educated refined persons do not expect that good will be done to them by praying."

Natalie.—"But our Saviour has commanded us to pray; and how can any one get to heaven without praying?"

Lina.—"God will not deny heaven to the upright and virtuous; so my tutor told me."

Natalie.—"Where, then, will sinners go? And are we not all sinful creatures? or have you not yet experienced that your heart is evil? Have you never been disobedient?"

Lina.—"Oh! as to obedience, you may ask my parents. I do all they consider right; and as to other small failings—of which every one has a share—God will forgive them. He is merciful, and knows we are only weak human beings."

Natalie.—"God is, indeed, gracious and merciful, and forgives sins; but only the sins of those who ask for forgiveness. Have you done that, Lina?"

Lina.—"No; because no one has ever accused me of acting wrongfully."

Natalie.—"Suppose that my foster-parents were here, who had so carefully watched over me, and treated me as if I had been their own child, and that I never looked after them, or gave them a kindly greeting, what would you say of my conduct?"

Lina.—"I would call it unpardonable ingratitude."

Natalie.—"Well, then, consider how much more our Saviour has done for us all than

my foster-parents have done for me;—how from love He died for us on the cross, shedding His precious blood; and yet, for all this you never think of offering up thanksgiving! Do you call that no sin?"

Lina.—"I have never thought of that; and no one ever drew my attention to it."

Natalie.—"I have now done so, dear sister; and I pray you to think of it."

Lina felt there was truth in what her sister said, and pondered over it; for she was a well-disposed girl. She was, however, rather annoyed that her younger sister, who could only read and write, knew something more than she did, who had been taught so much. She soon became aware, that whatever Natalie knew more than herself, she had learned from the Bible; so she resolved also to study the Bible, that she might be able to speak with her on such subjects. She commenced by reading the New Testament, and soon found many things related, of which hitherto she had been in ignorance. Her curiosity became greater, and she never rested until she finished the book. When Natalie perceived her sister had began to read the Bible,

she said no more to her on the subject of prayer; for, thought she, she will find the truth there. One evening, when they reached their sleeping-room, Lina asked Natalie if she would pray with her. "With all my heart, dear Lina," replied Natalie. They knelt down side by side, and Natalie offered up a simple prayer to the Saviour, "that He would lead her sister into the way of truth, and teach her to know Him, who alone was worthy of love and adoration." Lina did not pray herself; but, several days running, she requested her sister to do so. One day Natalie found her on her knees weeping; but as Lina did not speak to her, she also kept silence.

Meanwhile the new governess had arrived, to whom was specially committed the instruction of Natalie and Elise. Natalie was, of course, obliged to begin with the rudiments of everything to be taught; and it cost her a great deal of trouble before she was brought to know even as much as her younger sister. The tutor likewise came, who was to instruct them in religion, arithmetic, history, and geography. In their hours of religious in-

struction they did not get on so well, as Natalie felt he did not altogether keep to what was in the Bible, and sometimes ventured to make a remark, which was displeasing to the teacher. Of this the tutor complained to Mr. Nelson, saying, he found it difficult to make Miss Natalie have proper religious views. At the same time the governess conceived it to be her duty to inform their mother, that she often found her pupils praying together. The parents were amazed, as they said they had no wish for their daughters to become "sisters of piety;" and spoke to Lina and Natalie on the subject, who modestly referred to the Bible, against which, of course, the parents could say nothing.

In the meanwhile old Buken and his wife had arrived, to the great and heartfelt delight of Natalie. A small cottage in the garden had been prepared for them, and their dinners, &c., were always sent from Mr. Nelson's own table. As the honest peasant did not wish to be idle or inactive, the care of the garden was given up to him, as, in his younger years, he had been long gardener to a noble family in Cleves. For hard work he

was not able; but he had a boy to help him; and thus, in his declining age, he had all that could be desired,—calmness, and occupation sufficient, yet not burdensome.

His small cottage became a favourite resort of Lina and Natalie, where, undisturbed, they could read the Bible, and speak to each other of its contents. The pious old man was heartily glad to see Lina, once so vain and thoughtless, now becoming more and more earnest and serious. The governess, however, was displeased that her young ladies should spend so much time with common uneducated persons, as she called Buken and his wife; and, by her continual representations, induced Mr. and Mrs. Nelson to prohibit Lina from going, although, naturally, they could not forbid Natalie. Lina was so accustomed to obey the slightest wishes of her parents, that had they commanded her to wear a yellow shoe on one foot, and a black one on the other, she would have done so; but this prohibition appeared to her so very hard, that she made a few objections, and so the matter ended amicably. Lina was permitted to accompany Natalie as formerly.

The matter became more important shortly after this, by a circumstance that occurred, and was the cause of much displeasure and annoyance to Mr. and Mrs. Nelson. One evening there was a party given, and dancing went on in the large saloon of Mrs. Nelson, when Lina, as might be expected, was asked to dance. That very day it happened that she had been reading, with Natalie, the history of St. John the Baptist, and how, in consequence of the dancing of the daughter of Herodias before the king and his court, he was beheaded. The story had made so deep an impression on the mind of Lina, that she could not agree to dance, and firmly refused, greatly to the astonishment of her parents, as this was the first time they had found her disobedient. She said "she had not the slightest objection that others should dance, nor took it amiss if they found pleasure in doing so; but she thought it strange, on an evening when all were supposed to amuse themselves, that she alone should be expected to do what was disagreeable to her."

Next day Lina went to old Buken, and asked him if he thought she had acted pro-

perly? "I do not know much of fashionable life," answered the peasant; "but I can easily imagine that it must be extremely difficult, and require much wisdom, to adjust one's conduct not to give offence—neither to go too far one way or another. There is, however, an universal rule for such cases, and which can easily put one to right,—namely, whatsoever ye do, in words or in deeds, let it be done in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in all things give thanks through Him to God; therefore, when I am asked to do anything, and can do it in the name of Christ, I do so. And as obedience to your parents is a command of God, you can pray to God for grace to do what may be against your will and pleasure; and in this way it is right; and if you can thus dance, you may do so."

Lina was not quite satisfied with this explanation, and could not well comprehend in what spirit of mind she might dance, especially since Christians are commanded "not to be conformed to the world, and to obey God rather than man." Buken ended the conversation in these words: "We are both right. I do not wish you to do what you cannot do.

I have only said, if you *can*. Finally, you must pray for the enlightenment of the Spirit of God, that you may obtain wisdom to do in such cases what is right."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Nelson came to the conclusion that the conduct of their daughter was in consequence of the suggestions of old Buken, and again commanded her not to visit the cottage. Lina offered no objections. She hoped to meet the old man sometimes in the garden, as spring was approaching. Strange to say, as soon as Elise heard that her parents had forbidden Lina to go any more to the cottage, she strongly desired to pay visits to the old people, and went far oftener than she had been accustomed to do. It is said that we have all a strong wish to obtain what is forbidden or prohibited; and probably some of my readers have heard the story of the cloth merchant who fell on this expedient to sell his goods. Having arrived in a small town to attend a yearly fair, and seeing that he sold very little of his cloth, he bribed the magistrate, by a sum of money, to command, by a public proclamation, that no one was to be permitted to buy his

cloth. Before an hour passed, he sold all he had. Elise, it is true, had often been at the cottage; for in winter the old man amused himself by carving wood, which pleased Elise to look at. Now, however, she went regularly with Natalie, and heard her read to her foster-parents; and it soon came to pass that the little girl did not go because she was forbidden, but because she liked to hear stories from the Bible; and the exhortations and observations of the old people sunk deeply in her mind. Thus it was that Elise also was taught to pray; although she never spoke of it, and no one knew except her sisters. All were most diligent, and did everything to please their parents that was in their power; for whoever loves Christ, never fails in performing every duty which one owes to others.

CHAPTER VI.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word."—PSALM cxix. 67.

"No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby."—HEBREWS xii. 11.

FOR two years everything went on peacefully and well. But a time of trial and of proof was coming. Mr. Nelson, who had now a considerable income, found the small town in which they resided dull and tiresome; he wished to reside where more amusements were to be enjoyed,—such as concerts, balls, and theatres. He likewise thought such diversions would turn his daughters away from what he considered their mistaken views of religion; and that their sympathy with their parents would again be perfect, which, notwithstanding the kindest care and attention on the parts of the young girls, had been, to some extent, broken by the difference of

opinion and of feeling that unfortunately existed.

He found a favourable opportunity of advantageously disposing of his manufactory, and went with his family to Dresden, where he bought a beautiful large house, and at once took up the position of a man of wealth. Old Buken and his wife were, in consequence of the sale, obliged likewise to give up the little cottage; but they could not be persuaded to go to Dresden, and Mr. Nelson was rather glad of it, as he conceived they had too much influence over his daughters. He purchased a small house for them in the town, and settled on them a yearly pension, which enabled them to be comfortable for the rest of their days. The children were, indeed, very sorry to leave the good old peasants; but there was no help for it,—they could not do otherwise; and their only consolation was, the obtaining a promise from their parents to go and visit them every year for a week or two. On both sides the parting was sad, and many tears were shed. It was long before Lina, Natalie, and Elise, could reconcile themselves to the change; and in the midst of all the

beauty and splendour of the royal city, the remembrance of their old home came sorrowfully over them.

By degrees, however, they became more happy, and counted the days over with one another when they might hope to go and see their beloved old friends; for the three sisters were now of one mind and one soul. They read together, prayed together, and strengthened each other in the various temptations to vanity and idleness to which they were now exposed. They found that prayer was a powerful means of enabling them to escape from many dangers, and to keep them ever intent in striving after heavenly things, and to preserve the precious jewel of truth ever before their eyes.

The greater part of Mr. Nelson's fortune was invested in foreign bonds, by which he expected to gain something considerable. This was a much mistaken undertaking; for a large amount was lost, as they had sunk in value, instead of risen. As it was unendurable to Mr. Nelson to be less rich than formerly, or to be unable to keep up his fashionable style of living, he came to the

unhappy determination of risking more in that sort of speculation, hoping thereby to make up his loss; instead of which, as is almost invariably the case, he lost more. He now became like a desperate gambler, who always hopes, at every throw of the dice, to retrieve himself, and for that purpose ventures his last shilling. As his losses were yet kept a secret, he had still credit, and he borrowed considerable sums to enable him to purchase more of those lottery tickets. But bad luck followed every attempt. At first he gained a trifle, and afterwards all was lost. His house, his carriage, his expensive and luxurious furniture, were sold in order to pay his creditors; and now he was a poor man. How wretched he felt under such circumstances, may be conceived; what miserable, despairing looks he cast on his children!—those children to whom he had hoped to give large fortunes. Instead of being reproached, however, or upbraided, as he expected, by them, they tried to comfort him as well as they could, and shewed him the kindest sympathy. This conduct was incomprehensible to him. He knew not that they had found greater, better

treasures, with which poverty was sweetened. Their poor mother could not stand the sudden shock, the great reverse; she took the misfortune so much to heart, that she became ill and died. Her daughters, who never left her sick-room by day or by night, speaking to her words of consolation from the Book of God, had the joy of knowing, that the mercy of God through Christ was the last anchor by which the stranded bark held fast; and in this hope her spirit passed away.

The news of the great misfortune spread like wildfire, and soon reached the small town where Mr. Nelson formerly resided. The impressions made on people's minds were different. Those who had envied him rejoiced wickedly over his fall. The poor he had liberally supported pitied him. No one, however, shewed any inclination to aid him to rise again, for it was known he had lost his fortune through unfortunate speculations; and this lamed their sympathy. The most of them said, "Why did he not remain at his own business, where all was doing well? Why did his pride lead him to leave our good town for a residence in the capital? Pride

goes before a fall?" Buken behaved very differently. He wrote immediately to Mr. Nelson, and begged him to come and consider his house as his own; for as long as he had anything, none of his family should want. It was a hard and humbling task for Mr. Nelson to return, now penniless, to the place where he was once the richest and most influential man. But his daughters gave him no rest until he promised to take that step.

While old Buken lived in the cottage, he had likewise given him a small yearly sum; and as he lived almost free of expense,—his garden providing much,—he had saved a tolerable sum; and this money he insisted on Mr. Nelson accepting in the meantime. Thus they were not left utterly destitute.

Much had passed through the mind of Mr. Nelson during this trial. He saw how his daughters, in the midst of a misfortune which drove him almost to despair, and his wife to her grave, were calm and composed, nay, even cheerful, when they returned to their old neighbourhood, and saw their two old friends again. He could not understand how the destruction of such brilliant prospects had so

little affected them; and asked them how they had obtained strength to withstand such a storm of adversity. They pointed to the Word of God, as the source of all comfort and of all peace, aided by prayer. He then began to read that wondrous Book; and soon confessed that hitherto he had been in error. The grace of God reached his contrite heart, and shewed him his vanity and love of the world; led him, in humility and repentance, to cast himself at the feet of Christ, and implore forgiveness for his past life. The happy old peasant neglected nothing on his part, when he saw what was passing in the heart of his kind friend; and his daughters were inexpressibly delighted, that the wall of division was broken between them and their father, with whom they now could speak unreservedly of divine truths. Mr. Nelson was taught that a seeming evil may prove in reality a veritable blessing; and that the greatest misfortune of his life had brought him to see the great love of God. In the small household prayers were now regularly offered morning and evening. The tender affection of his children sweetened the other-

wise dull hours, of which he had many, until the power of religion increased more and more. By degrees his worldly prospects brightened. The possessor of his former business offered him the situation of a book-keeper, with a reasonable salary, which enabled him to provide for his family, and also to pay back something to Buken from time to time. A few years afterwards, the proprietor, seeing how much experience he had in the art of cloth-making, accepted him as a partner in the concern, which, for want of proper management, had been falling off; but under the care of Mr. Nelson, it was soon restored to its former prosperous state. He again became a rich man, although not to the extent he had once been. He did not strive to be so; for he had learned, that there were better treasures—higher and imperishable riches—to be obtained even in this world by the children of God,—namely, holiness.

Of Albert I have heard nothing; and only thus far does my knowledge of the family reach. It cannot, however, fail to be the case, that those who are faithful and true disciples of the Lord our God, shall never

want any good thing; for the happiness of those who love God with all their heart can never have an end.

SETMA,

The Turkish Maiden.

Setma,

THE TURKISH MAIDEN.

CHAPTER I.

"Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth?"
JOB vii. 1.

IT the confluence of the Save and the Danube, on the borders of the Turkish kingdom, are situated the town and fortress of Belgrade. Within its walls are a hundred mosques, or houses of prayer; thirty thousand inhabitants, the greater part of which are Servians. Being, however, under Turkish government, there are likewise many Turks, although it has been conquered several times by Christians. In this town, in the year 1671, was the young girl born whose history is now to be related. She received the name

of Setma—I had almost said at her baptism; but Setma had not been baptized, as her parents were not Christians, but Mohammedans. Her father was a merchant, called Osman; he traded with vessels on the Danube, and was tolerably rich. Moreover, he was held in high estimation, in consequence of having made a pilgrimage to Mecca, the birthplace of their Prophet; on this account, he was named Hadji-Osman.

But Setma shall tell her own tale.

. . . . . .

My father was a grave, strict person, who brought me up in great retirement. I was given in charge to a trustworthy old slave at three years of age, my mother dying at that time. I was neither instructed in reading or in writing; the only things taught me were a few prayers and proverbs common among Mohammedans. There was a slave in the house, a Bohemian, who, in his leisure hours, as an amusement, taught me a little German. Ah! who could have then thought that, at a future time, this would be of so much use to me? But the ways of God with His children

"I had a companion called Guli, of whom I was very fond. She came every day to play with me; and we amused ourselves with childish games."—*Page* 91.

are wandering, and how [illegible] are they [illegible] prove long before we what they are to experience! Before the weaver begins his work, the end and his threads are already prepared that are to be woven into it, but no one except himself knows the kind of pattern they are to form.

I had a companion called Gill, of whom I was very fond. She came every day to play with me: and we amused ourselves with childish games. Of God and of divine subjects, we knew too little to be able to speak of them. How happy Christian children ought to be, who are taught so many beautiful stories from their Bible! They can spend their time much better than we did. Would that they always did so! We would gladly have heard the narratives of Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, of our Saviour and His apostles, and might have related them to each other. What pleased us best was, when my father was away from home on one of his voyages, and our housekeeper had time to be with us, when she used to amuse us with all kinds of stories, fairy tales, and fables. I remember one which pleased me much, and

shall relate it to you. It was called the Fable of the Frog and the Dormouse:—

"Many many years ago there lived a little dormouse, with soft little feet and bright little eyes, in a small hole at the foot of a rock. The children who came to play on a mossy bank close to this rock, could not see the hole, because it was covered by a branch of ivy; and as ivy is green all the year round, it made a nice roof for the little dormouse. Not far from the hole of the mouse, there lived in a swamp, also near the rock, a family of frogs, who made such a noise by their croaking in the night, that any one who would take the trouble could easily find them. Now it chanced one bright moonlight night that a number of rude boys, on their way home, heard the croaking of the frogs, and following the sound until they reached the swamp, began to throw stones at them.

"The little creatures tried to save themselves as best they could; and one of them took refuge in the dwelling of the dormouse, where he squatted himself behind the green door of ivy. He begged permission to remain under its shelter until the danger should be

[illegible]

"'Yes,' replied the mouse, 'my house is very comfortable, and it has long been in the possession of our family.'

"'Indeed,' continued the frog, 'I only wish it were a little larger; for, I fear, you already have scarcely room in that corner of yours.' And he immediately began to recall

himself out to such a size, that the little mouse was quite squeezed against the wall, and seeing it would be useless to enter into a quarrel with so hateful a creature, she fled out of the hole, and ran almost the whole night, until about dawn she reached the other end of the wood, where her brother had a snug house. Meanwhile the frog remained in the hole, and finding in a corner some provisions, which the mouse had laid up for winter, he began to feast on the dainties, and found them so good that he ate and ate until he became so broad and thick that he could not get through the opening of the hole. By degrees the opening was entirely blocked up by bits of stone and debris, which fell from the rock; and as the water which dripped continually had a petrifying power, the frog at last was shut up in his hole, as if in a grave. There he remained excluded from the air for about thirty years, and was found by some quarrymen when breaking the rock, which consisted of limestone. He breathed once or twice, and then died."

At that time I did not comprehend the meaning of the fable, and was amused with

it only as a story. Afterwards it became clear to me, when I saw in what an evil condition a man must be who forcibly drives another from his possessions in order to seize them for himself; and when I considered the fate of ungrateful people. Ah! thought I, unhappy man! you have never heard of the misfortune of the frog.

Thus, surrounded by happy circumstances, passed my childhood, until I reached my eleventh year. Then my first sorrowful experience began. My father was taken seriously ill, and no hope entertained of his recovery. I was inconsolable; for although my father was strict and stern, I loved him much, and could not reconcile myself to the idea of being separated from him. I knelt and wept at his side. He was calm, and resigned to his fate. "The hour of every one is determined," he used to say, "and none can escape his destiny. My hour is come, and I fear not. I hope to enter paradise."

"Allah Ackbar!"—God is great. When I came to the knowledge of the Christian religion, I was often sad and anxious about the soul of my dear father, until God, in His

compassion, gave me inward peace on the subject. On the seventeenth day after the commencement of his illness, my father died; and after his funeral, my brother took the management of his affairs and of the house. Otherwise there was no change; we went on as formerly. Guli came every day, and we spent our time together. Soon after this period a fearful war began.

A Turkish army advanced towards Vienna, and besieged that city for nine weeks long. The Turks were repulsed, however, and had to make a precipitate retreat to Belgrade. There came also many thousand Christian slaves through the city, whose wretched appearance filled even Turkish hearts with pity. But those events were, for a child of my age, more as spectacles to look at, than subjects of earnest thought. Time went on—one day much like another. What I wished, I obtained in abundance. Troubles I had none; and I feared nothing except being separated from Guli, whom I loved as a sister. This is all I know worth repeating, until I reached my seventeenth year. My brother, whose commands were to

be obeyed as those of a father, wished to betroth me to a friend of his—a commissary and purveyor of the Janissaries. I was not acquainted with this friend; but that was of no consequence. My consent was not even asked, and opposition would have been of no avail; therefore the matter was arranged. My greatest grief was the thought of losing the society of Guli. But how different did events turn out! My brother resolved, before the marriage should take place, to make a long journey, on business, to Tiflis and Ispahan; and he left in the month of June, in the year 1688. I took leave of him, little thinking that it was the last time we were to see each other.

Soon after this it was reported that Belgrade was to be besieged; and in the beginning of August, the Germans, under the command of the brave Elector of Bavaria, Maximillian Emanuel, advanced towards the town.

At first the Turks had little fear, and believed it next to impossible that the town could be taken; therefore no one had permission to leave, or to seek to save themselves

by flight. But afterwards this permission was granted, when it became evident, from the preparations of the enemy, that the siege was in earnest. Many persons took their most valuable property, and sailed down the Danube. From every street crowds rushed, in order to save their lives from the sword of Christians, and their goods from their hands. But the one half of the fugitives had not embarked when a violent tempest of wind arose, and drove them from the river back to their houses; for the storm was so great, that there was no possibility of lading the vessels. Among those who were thus driven back, was I, with an attendant and two slaves. I had left my home, carrying with me only my jewel casket, and some gold pieces. When I reached the place of embarkation, the first vessels had left; and when I had all arranged with another captain, the fearful storm arose that drove us back again to the town.

It was a night of anguish. No sleep came to my eyes. The storm continued to rage; and I dreaded, that if it ceased not before morning, the only way of escape might

be cut off. After midnight, however, it abated, and I took fresh courage. Until day broke, the moments had appeared as hours, in my anxiety to leave the house, and hasten to the saving ship. I first went to the house of Guli, whose family were likewise prepared for flight. Here I learned the dreadful tidings, that our way of escape was now no longer open; and that each must abide the fate which waited the inhabitants of a besieged and conquered city. Miserable intelligence! There I stood—my hopes all dashed to the ground—in the fearful certainty of falling into the hands of Christian victors, who had much cruelty and evil treatment from the Turks to revenge. I embraced my dear Guli, and we wept together.

Oh! short-sighted mortals, who give themselves so much useless pain and anxiety. And still more to be pitied are those who know not the living God, in whom they can trust; but at the sight of the darkness of tribulation become despairing. Such was I then. The love of God had something better for me in view, and therefore cut off my retreat from the besieged city. He wished to

give me true freedom; while I shuddered at the bonds and chains for the mere body. Praise the Lord, my soul!

CHAPTER II.

"I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil. I the Lord do all these things."—ISAIAH xlv. 7.

IT was a time of terror and anguish as message after message of dread import succeeded each other; days without rest, and nights without sleep, in which the living had the dead for their neighbour. Oh! had I only known then how to pray, how much more easily could I have endured those trials! During the twenty-six days—which term the siege lasted—despair and misery increased from day to day. Every fresh intelligence of the movements of the enemy convinced us that the town must soon fall into their hands. On the sixth of September, in spite of the desperate resistance of the Turks, the unparalleled bravery of the Christians gained the victory; and in their first flush of triumph the town and fortress were destroyed. As the water-town, where I now

was with Guli, lay at the farthest extremity from the scene of the wild assault, we were the longer kept in an agony of suspense as regarded our fate. Nearer and nearer came the shouts of the victors, mingled with the groans of the wounded and the dying. I had made up my mind to die, rather than fall as a slave into the hands of the barbarians. But precisely what I most dreaded came to pass. An officer of rank made me prisoner, seized me by the hand, and rapidly hurried me away. In this manner I was dragged through the crowd of men and horses, over the dying and the wounded, in the midst of heart-rending cries, to that slavery I feared much more than death itself. The horror, the terror which took possession of me, can scarcely be conceived. Sometimes, when in the midst of a crowd, I tried to free myself, preferring to be trampled to death by the horses' feet, than to be led away as a slave to a Christian. But I was firmly held, and compelled to follow, until, covered with blood, I was brought to the camp of the enemy.

Thus did I become a slave to a people I loathed; not merely because, from my earliest

years, I had been taught to hate them, but because I saw, heard, and experienced how much worse many of those who boasted of being Christians acted than even the Turks, and committed greater crimes. Such wicked conduct could, therefore, have no other effect on me, and on other Turks, than to make us consider their religion false, and that they were far from having the fear of the true God. Afterwards I became acquainted with Christians who acted quite in another way; and they, by their goodness, taught me to think otherwise. Meanwhile I had no choice, and was obliged to follow the master into whose hands God had given me. As the Elector of Bavaria, immediately after the conquest of Belgrade, returned to Munich, and his troops followed him, in the same autumn I was taken by my master, Lieutenant Burget, through Hungary and Austria to Bavaria, and brought to the town of Landshut.

On our way my master paid a short visit to his brother in Vienna, who was an imperial councillor. He could only remain three days, at which he felt sorry, and so did I; for here I first saw one who really deserved the name

of Christian. This person was an aged minister of legation, who often came to the house of the councillor, and I understood enough of German to find out, from what he said, that he was a God-fearing man, who, for all his experiences of good, gave honour to God, and thanked *Him* for all his benefits. Had circumstances permitted, most gladly I could have opened my heart to this good man; but in three days I had to continue my sad journey, and thus it was impossible. How sad, alas! was that journey to me!

To be led farther and farther from my country, without the hope of return, or of ever again seeing any of those who were dear to me; and, to add to my grief, I was going amongst a people to whom I had the greatest aversion, and from whom I expected nothing but contempt and hard usage. As we were leaving Vienna, already the people were singing songs on the downfall of Belgrade, which was another remembrance of my unhappiness. My master was a kind upright man; but his wife was evil-tempered, and led an unchristian life. She frequently treated me very ill; and often—ah! how often!—I sighed for

liberty. I had no friend—none to whom I could tell my sufferings; and Guli—alas! I have forgotten to speak of what befel her. We had taken firm hold of each other, in order to die together, when Lieutenant Burget rushed into the house, and took me prisoner. At the same instant another officer seized Guli, and in spite of her cries and resistance, tore her away from my side. I did not see her again. Thus everything was against me; but a time of refreshing came.

The war in the upper Rhine broke out this same winter, and the Elector of Bavaria was the first to enter the field against France. My master and his wife went into Suabia, whither, as the servant of the latter, I accompanied them; and they took up their abode in the Duchy of Würtemberg. Here, then, for the first time, I saw the land in which I was to experience so many blessings. We then proceeded to the small town of Liebenzell, where I was to remain under the care of the magistrate, who was called Frisch, while my master and his wife went farther on with the army. Now, for a time, I felt as if free, and could breathe with plea-

sure. This little town lies in a narrow valley of the black forest, on the banks of the Nagold stream, and close to a rising ground, on the summit of which picturesquely stand the ruins of an old tower. On all sides are high hills, covered with oaks and silver pines, pointing towards heaven. The town is very quiet, except in the summer months, when the warm baths, which are there, are much resorted to. But to me was of much more importance the knowledge which I acquired, that I lived in a truly Christian family; and I soon began to have a better opinion of Christians, and of their religion. The sermons which I heard at church, united with the kindness and affection shewn me by the family of the magistrate, made me, for the first time, think that a Christian must be better than a Turk, and aroused in me the wish to become one myself. Above all things, I desired to be acquainted with the Word of God; for I heard this saying repeated one day by the preacher: "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make

you free." This saying delighted me much; and my heart rejoiced at the thought of freedom. But of the freedom meant by Christ I knew nothing; therefore I did not understand those words aright. From that time my desire to be able to read through the New Testament became stronger. It is true, I heard portions read every Sunday in the church, and also a chapter every morning by the good magistrate; but this did not satisfy me. I longed to go to that fountain for myself, and draw full draughts to quench my thirst. That fountain, alas! was sealed up. I could not read. I entreated the daughter of the magistrate to teach me; and I laboured so diligently, that after some weeks, I had the delight of finding the sacred Book open to me. I came to much, however, which I could not so easily understand; but I had a kind friend who instructed me. This friend was the sister of our magistrate, and the wife of Dr. Commerel from Stuttgart, who came for the baths, and lived in our house. She was so kind, that to her I entirely opened my heart, and freely asked her to explain whatever was difficult for me

to comprehend. Now and then the magistrate paid a visit to his friend Pastor Roth in Möttlingen, a small village near Liebenzell. As on those occasions the whole family went, of which I was regarded as a member, I was permitted to accompany them; and those visits gave me great pleasure, as I loved much to listen to what the pastor said. He was so amiable, that I could speak to him without embarrassment, and he always gave me a kind and appropriate answer. "Setma," he said to me on one of those occasions, "do you know what our peasant women do before they go to bed?"—"No," I replied. "Well, then, that they may not have the trouble of kindling or making a fire in the morning, they collect the embers at night together on the hearth, and cover them with ashes, and then in the morning they have a fire at once. Thus, when you go to bed, pray to the Saviour that He would keep good thoughts in your soul, so that when you awake in the morning, your first thought may be of Jesus Christ."

This counsel I have followed, and have derived much benefit from it.

Autumn came with rapid steps, the campaign was ended, my master returned to take up his winter quarters in Bavaria, and I was obliged to go back with him. The only hope in parting with my dear friends at Liebenzell was, that I might see them again the next campaign.

CHAPTER III.

"For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory."—PSALM lxxxiv. 11.

WHAT I had hoped happened, but only partially. The campaign again began in the early spring, and we once more journeyed to Würtemberg; but this time we did not go to Liebenzell. We went to a small town called Weilerstadt, where the lieutenant left his wife, and me as her servant. There it was far different from the pleasant life I led at Liebenzell. I had no friend, no Bible, from which I could have drawn comfort. How willingly I might have obtained one, had I been permitted to go as far as Möttlingen, which was only a few miles distant, and where the kind Pastor Roth dwelt! But this favour was refused me. I spent hard and unhappy days, from the cruelty of my mistress; and would have despaired, had not God, in His mercy,

comforted me, by bringing to my memory promises from the blessed Bible. One day my mistress had treated me very ill, and then gone to a party. I seated myself at the window, and wept bitterly. My soul cried to God,—"O Heavenly Father, who hearest and seest everything, have pity on me. Hear my prayers which I have so often made unto thee, and free me from this slavery, in which I live in fear and misery. Oh! my Father, have compassion on me." While I was thus sighing and mourning, the landlord passed by, and saw my tears. He was the innkeeper of the Black Eagle in Weilerstadt. As he knew how evilly my mistress was in the habit of treating me, he asked what had now happened. When I saw he pitied me, I openly told him how miserable I was, and how much I wished to escape from my bondage. He inquired if I had any friends in the country to whom I might fly? I answered, I had none except the magistrate Frisch, in Liebenzell, and his sister, Mrs. Commerel, in Stuttgart. The last name pleased him, and his resolution was soon taken. Without saying a word to any person, he shut me up

in a chamber right above the one occupied by my mistress, where, through a small aperture, I could hear all that went on below. He took the key, and waited for the coming home of my mistress. I cannot well describe the agitation I was in. Fear and misgivings, hope and joy, alternately swayed my mind. So great an impression did the anxiety of those hours produce, that for long after I could not find myself shut alone in a room without shuddering.

At last she returned, late in the night; and although she asked for me, yet she soon retired to rest. I could not sleep much; and if I did slumber a little, I was wakened up by frightful dreams. How easily, I thought, might I be found out or betrayed! And then, what had I not to expect from the wrath of Madame Burget! In the morning, when she awoke, I heard her calling for me; but no Setma came. Then she interrogated the landlord, who said, "No one in the house had seen me since yesterday afternoon." She now began to suspect something wrong, and stormed and scolded in a way that made me tremble. She ordered a search to be made for me all round the place;

and as it occurred to her that I must have gone to Liebenzell, she sent a messenger there without delay. This the sensible innkeeper had foreseen, and therefore prevented me from going to Liebenzell. When the messenger returned without tidings of me, she began to be furious, especially at the landlord, and maintained that I must be hidden in the house. "At dawn," she continued, "the next day, she would have every corner of it examined."

There was now no time to be lost. The innkeeper came a little after midnight, when all was quiet in the house, and led me away, past the room of my dreaded mistress, and brought me in safety to the dwelling of his mother, which was at some distance from the Black Eagle. The innkeeper asked me if I had any money? I pulled out three gold pieces, which was all I possessed. He gave one to his mother, and returned the two others,—a proof of his honest intentions and unselfishness. From pure compassion, and at no small risk, he had resolved to save me. May God, who hath promised to reward those who give but a cup of cold water to his disciples, remember my trustworthy preserver!

Following his advice, I exchanged my Turkish dress for that of a peasant girl, which was provided for me; and as the dawn of day now appeared in the east, we at once began our journey towards Stuttgart, the old woman acting as my guide. By her aid we passed safely through the gate of the town; but I was terrified as, farther on our way, I saw at a distance a sergeant of the guards, one of my master's men, who knew me very well. I had just time to warn my companion, when we turned aside from the highroad, and the soldier passed without taking notice of us. Thus I was protected by the gracious care of God. Truly "His ways are wonderful."

But, alas! how painful a task it was for me, who had never been accustomed to walk, to perform so long a journey on foot! In my home in Belgrade I had never walked a mile. I possessed every luxury; a crowd of slaves waited my commands; and as women in Turkey pass the greater part of their time within doors, walking was something quite new to me. Except a few short walks at Liebenzell, from which I returned sorely fatigued, I had never attempted to go any

distance; and now I was obliged, after a night of wakefulness, and in an unaccustomed dress, to make this long journey. My feet soon became blistered, and every step gave me pain; at last, towards evening, we came in sight of the desired city, which I, after so much sorrow and pain, regarded as a city of freedom and of rest.

From a height on which we stood, called Hasenberg, the city lay before us, sparkling in the brightness of the setting sun; the blossoms of the fruit trees appeared pink, and beautiful as the almond trees in our garden at Belgrade; the fir-trees, also, were tinged with red, while a mist of purple floated over the distant hills, and small crimson clouds rested on the western horizon. I thought I had never seen anything half so beautiful, as, in the midst of my pain, the idea of liberty gave me inexpressible delight. But my troubles were not yet ended. The sentinel on guard at the outer gate of the town permitted us to enter without difficulty. The guard on duty at the inner gate was only, on that account, the more strict in his examination, and dealt so hardly with my guide, the mother of the kind inn-

keeper, that the good woman made her escape, and left me to contend alone. I never saw or heard of her afterwards; doubtless, she reached again her home in safety. The soldiers, from my speaking German imperfectly, of course took me for a foreigner; and I know not how I could have got away from them had a country-woman, who dwelt near the town gate, not taken me almost by force from those rude and insolent men. Thus God again protected me.

I had scarcely reached the house of this good woman when I sank on the floor utterly exhausted. She was very kind, and acted as if she had long known me. With her own hands she undressed me, and gave me a comfortable bed; for my feet were so wounded that I could not stand. I was ill for two days, and could not leave the house. When in some measure revived by the extreme care of my new friend, I informed her that I knew Mrs. Commerel, and should like much to see her. A message was immediately sent to that lady, who at once came to me. She recognized me in a moment; and when I explained to her how I came to be in Stutt-

gart, she evinced the liveliest interest in my fate, and took me with her to her house.

This excellent lady shewed me, in all ways, the greatest love; not only did she care for my bodily comfort, but also for my soul. Indeed, she treated me as a daughter; and all my bitter experiences were amply compensated by her kindness.

The first thing for which I asked, after taking possession of my new abode, was a Bible. My wish was soon granted, as Mrs. Commerel presented me with a beautiful one, which had been printed in Wittenberg; and it became so precious, that had any one brought me my casket of jewels from Belgrade, and offered it in exchange for my Bible, I would not have parted with it. All the texts and promises which brought to my remembrance the various incidents of my past life, I carefully underlined with red ink, until, at length, it seemed as if I could trace out the whole way I graciously had been led, by those marked passages. Thus my Bible became dearer to me every day; I prized it as the richest treasure any one could possess; and I marvelled when, sometimes, I visited a

Christian house, and found the Bible upon a shelf, and *dust* upon the Bible.

My protectress, or rather my mother, as I now called the kind Mrs. Commerel, took every means to ensure my personal safety. She made known my history to several influential persons; among whom was Madame Wachenheim, the chief lady at the court of the Duchess Magdalena Sibyllæ, and this lady obtained the protection of the duchess for me. This powerful protection came in good time; for, shortly after, my former master, Lieutenant Burget, arrived unexpectedly in Stuttgart, and, by what means I know not, found out where I was. He sent one of his servants to the house of Mrs. Commerel, to threaten and compel me to return to him; which occurrence terrified me sadly. This happened at night. The next morning, Mrs. Commerel went to Madame Wachenheim, and told her what had taken place. Madame Wachenheim at once entreated the duchess to take measures to protect me; and the noble-hearted duchess warmly took up my cause. Without delay, a gentleman of the court was despatched to the lieutenant to confer with

him about my ransom. Then the duchess invited him to her table, and treated him with such distinction and condescension, that he became quite willing to give me over to the duchess for a remuneration. To this arrangement his wife was obliged to give in, although reluctantly; for I felt sure she would rather have had me to punish for running away. I would not of my own will have seen her again, but the duchess wished me to do so, and I accepted an invitation at her command. I went trembling, and was thankful when the visit was over; but being now the property of the duchess, my former mistress dared not be otherwise than civil. Not one word was said about my escape, and thus I was spared the pain of betraying my generous friend, the innkeeper of the Black Eagle. When I took leave, I thanked them for the kindness they had shewn me, especially my master; for might he not have sold me in another fashion when I was in his power? Even the worst I had experienced, was it not good and necessary, if only to make me prize more dearly my present safety?

CHAPTER IV.

"And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life; and this life is in His Son."—1 JOHN v. 11.

I NOW lived in the society of true Christians; but I had not yet joined the Christian Church, and was outwardly still a Mohammedan. This state of matters, however, I wished ended; for I in my heart believed in God as revealed in the Bible, and in His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord. I therefore expressed my desire to be baptized; which request my benefactress had expected, and gladly made arrangements for my being admitted as a member of the Church of Christ. I received daily instruction from one fitted to prepare me. I was examined on all points of doctrine; and was, after a course of six months' training, declared by the pastor of one of the churches to be sufficiently acquainted with the truths of religion to receive the rite of baptism, and to

be received into the Christian Church. The announcement gave me great happiness; and I prayed earnestly to God, that He would give me grace rightly to prepare myself for the solemn ceremony.

At Christmas the duchess sent me a present of a large silver medal. On one side was represented our Saviour baptized in the Jordan by St. John; and on the other, the history of Pentecost—the descent of the Holy Spirit. Only those words were inscribed,—"Without measure," on the one side, and "Without number," on the reverse. I begged my mother, Mrs. Commerel, to explain their meaning. The words, "Without measure," she said, applied to our Lord, on whom the fulness of the Spirit was poured. The Holy Spirit descended on Him, and therefore He is called the Anointed One—the Christ. The words, "Without number," apply to Christians who receive the gift of the Holy Spirit; and we are told their number will be great as the stars of heaven. May you, my dear child, be numbered among that bright host; and may you be doubly grateful for the blessings of God, seeing you are called from a people

who, as yet, have no part in the Spirit of Christ; but who, we trust, at some future time, will yet bend their knees in worship of a crucified Redeemer. I answered, "Amen; may that blessed time soon come!"

My baptism took place on the 16th of January; and, according to the desire of the duchess, it was celebrated in the cathedral, and with great pomp. The duchess herself was there, accompanied by her whole court. When we had taken our places, a hymn was sung, then a sermon was preached by Dr. Schmiedlin, the preacher in the cathedral. The subject was the coming of the wise men from the east to do homage to Christ; and he likened my wonderful journey from Belgrade to Stuttgart, to theirs. Then, previous to being baptized, I stood up to read my public confession of faith. At first I felt rather agitated; but as I went on, I thought not of the crowd surrounding me, but of God alone, to whom all hearts are open, and who knows if our confessions are sincere and earnest. When I had finished reading, I knelt down, and was baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,—

receiving the name of Christiana Magdalene Eberhardina. The Turkish name Setma, was the last remains of my fatherland with which I parted. My country, my family, friends, inheritance, religion, language, and dress,—all had been given up now, according to the promise of Jesus Christ, to be restored to me a hundred-fold. Wherefore, then, would I not likewise willingly part with my name, so that there might be outwardly, what I so inwardly longed for, a complete newness of being,—that I might truly exclaim, "Behold, old things have passed away, and all is made new?"

After the baptism was over, the two last verses of the great Luther's hymn of "Christ our Lord to the Jordan came," were sung. This day was that of the highest honour,—the day when, taken from a number of unbelievers, I was called a child of God, and publicly accepted as a member of the Christian Church.

When we all had returned to the ducal palace, I expressed my gratitude to the duchess in the presence of her court, for the extreme kindness she had ever shewn me.

She therefore declared before all the assembly, that, as a Christian, she begged to make me a present of my freedom; and, at the same time, graciously asked me if, for the future, I would remain in her service. Both offers I accepted with the most profound gratitude, and then entreated permission to retire and spend the rest of the day in private. I feared to lose any of the blessings of the solemn rite by distraction of mind in society; therefore I returned to the quiet of the house of my dear mother, who tenderly embraced me; and the remainder of the day was spent in prayer, in meditation, and in thanksgiving.

On the following day, with many tears, and reiterated thanks for all her motherly love to me, I took farewell of dear Mrs. Commerel, to occupy an apartment in the ducal palace, where I was given in charge to Madame Wachenheim, who occupied the highest position at the court of the duchess, and was an amiable and worthy lady. My occupation consisted principally in sewing, at which I was tolerably expert, having learnt and practised the art in Belgrade, in my father's house.

Afterwards the Princess Eberhardine, with the permission of the duchess, took me into her especial service; and with the princess I remained until her death, which took place early. This melancholy event plunged the whole princely family in the deepest distress, and was a severe trial to me; for the amiable and excellent princess had treated me more as a friend than as a servant. The rich gifts she had bequeathed to me in reward of my poor services, could not in the least assuage my sorrow; and long I lamented her loss.

CHAPTER V.

"Thou hast turned my mourning into dancing; thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness."—PSALM xxx. 11.

AFTER the death of the princess I was again taken into the household of the duchess, and given an appointment near her person. She was my greatest benefactress, and most willingly I served her. About this period a young lady, recommended by the Duchess of Saxony, arrived at the palace. She was called Maria Weisse. At our first interview I felt strongly attracted towards this stranger, she looked so gentle and mild; and I took an opportunity, when I found myself alone with her, to express the hope that we might be much and often together. She likewise expressed herself in the same strain, and said, "I know not how it is, but it seems to me as if we had known each other long ago." "Guli!" I exclaimed, throwing myself into the arms of my long-lost

friend; while, at the same moment, "Setma!" burst from her lips. It was, indeed, my Guli. We wept together hot tears of joy, and it was long before I could calm myself; Guli was more composed.

My first desire was, to know if she was a Christian, a true Christian; and to make my happiness complete, I hoped she might be one further advanced in piety and experience than myself. The heart trusts in God; but the hand seeks a staff. David put his confidence in God; yet he had a Jonathan, whose loss he bitterly deplored. Paul, the courageous witness for the truth, lamented that all had forsaken him, and left him alone in Rome. Therefore none could blame me if I rejoiced to think, that, for the future, I might have in Guli the blessing of a Christian friend. I requested she would tell me what happened to her after our sad separation. This she briefly did as we walked one day in the palace garden.

"I need not describe my feelings," she began, "after the downfall of our city, and our sorrowful parting; for you must have experienced the same. I had almost fainted

when the general, who had taken me prisoner, dragged me to his tent. He was an elderly man, and intended me for a companion to his daughter. But this I only understood afterwards, as I could not speak German, and my captor was equally ignorant of the Turkish language. His kindness far exceeded my most sanguine hopes. When the campaign was ended, the general took me with him to his estate in Silesia, and presented me to his daughter, who received me with the greatest delight. But her pleasure was greatly damped when she perceived that I did not comprehend one word she said. However, she was not unwilling to instruct me, which she did with much patience; and in six months I could make myself pretty well understood by every one in the house. I could also read a little. The Bible had been given me as a lesson-book, for the general was a pious man.

"I was not aware, when I first commenced to read it, that it was the religious Book of the Christians, otherwise I might not have taken so much pleasure in it; for I had no intention of forsaking the faith of my fathers.

The more I understood what I read, the book pleased me the more; until, at last, when I came to the history of Christ, and then knew where I was, the truths of the Gospel had so taken my mind a prisoner, that I could not return to the religion of Mohammed and of the Koran. When I had read through the whole, I felt convinced that it was indeed the Word of God—the Gospel of truth. In fact, before I had entirely mastered the German language, the religion of the Germans had been accepted by me; and before I could compare the Bible with the Koran, Christ the Saviour had possession of my heart. Oh! how great was my joy and blessedness!

"The general and his daughter perceived the change going on in my mind; but they said nothing, until I had reached the conclusion, and confessed my faith in the Redeemer of the world. Their joy was shared by the pastor of the village, an old man of eighty years, with snow-white hair. He came to see me, and hear me relate how I had come to a knowledge of the truth. Having heard me, he lifted up his eyes towards heaven, and said, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace;

for mine eyes have seen one soul converted to thee from Ishmael.' It appeared that this aged Christian for many years had been praying for the conversion of the Mohammedans; and he regarded my conversion as a proof that his prayers were being answered.

"On Christmas day I was baptized, and received the name of Maria Christiana. The peace of God filled my heart, and I gave vent to my joy in outward exclamations. The general said, 'Take care, Maria, and be not over-elated—dark days may come.' But the old preacher said, 'Let her rejoice, and forbid her not; for so long as the bridegroom is present, the guests may not fast. It will be time enough to be sorrowful when sorrow comes.' The good old pastor was right. I often thought of his words in after years. Now he sleeps in his grave, and the general beside him. The latter died in the spring after my baptism. The early primroses were blooming on the turf where his grave was to be. He was cut down suddenly, like a lofty pine that falls after one stroke of the axe. 'I trust,' he said, 'to make a good exchange. My Saviour and my God has prepared a

place for me.' When he saw us weeping, he said, 'Weep not, children. A soldier ought to be thankful to be permitted to die in his bed; and, moreover, a dying Christian would not exchange with a living king. Let me die in peace.' Saying such words, he slept away like a child, who felt sure of awakening in the morning. After his death, his son, also a worthy man, came to take the management of the estate. He expressed his wish that I should remain with his sister; and before the end of a year, he made me the unexpected proposal to become his wife. After some consideration I consented, as I esteemed him much. We lived most happily together; but, unfortunately, at the end of three years, from various causes, my husband was obliged to sell his estate in Silesia, and buy a smaller one in Saxony. One year after this my husband died in my arms; and his dear sister soon followed him to the grave. We three had always lived together. The estate fell to the Crown, as there were no heirs; and I received a small sum of money as my portion.

"Provided with letters of introduction from the Duchess of Saxony, I went to Würtemberg, in search of some relations of my husband. They were dead; so I presented myself to your benefactress, and was received into her service."

Thus far Guli related her history; and I saw how much reason I had to be thankful, as her fate had been more grievous than mine. Her meekness and gentleness were often a reproof to my impetuousness; and I found great support in her perfect confidence and reliance on God. We spent many happy, and, I trust, useful hours together. We established a school for poor children; and with the aid and permission of our good duchess, were enabled to perform similar acts of Christian charity. On the 11th of August, 1712, my dear benefactress died.

Here ended the narrative of Setma. We learned, that after this event she still lived in the palace; as, by the will of the duchess, she was amply provided for by Duke Eberhard. She attended to the wants of the poor and

the sick, consoled the dying by her prayers and pious conversation; and the name of the Turkish Maiden was long remembered by our ancestors in Stuttgart.

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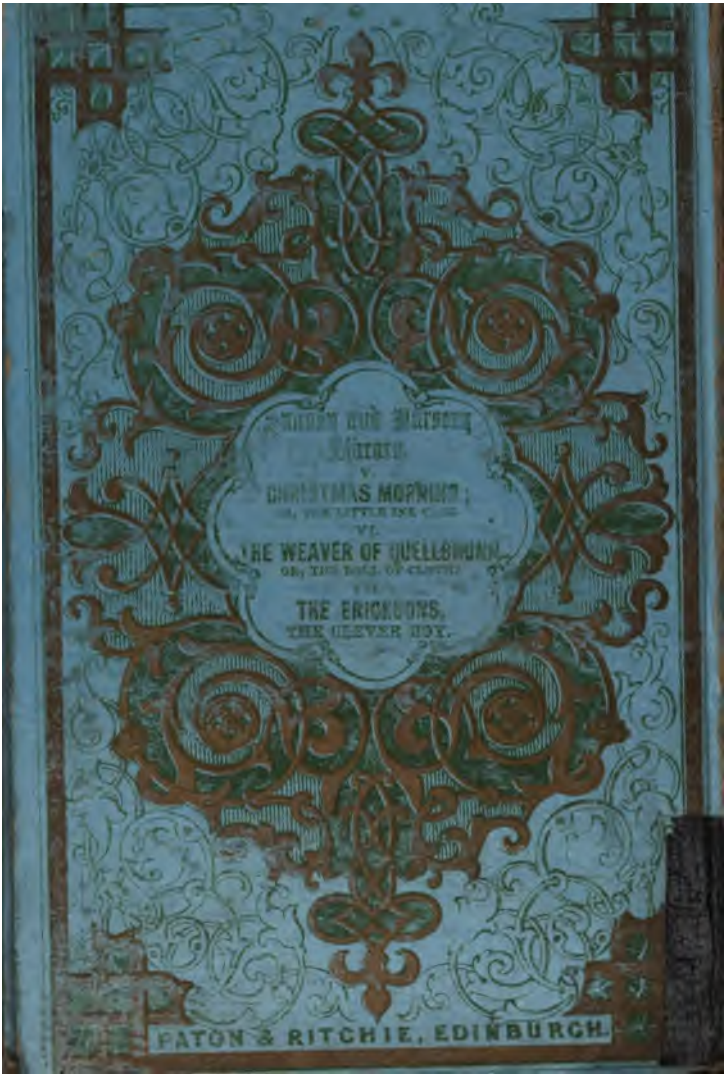
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